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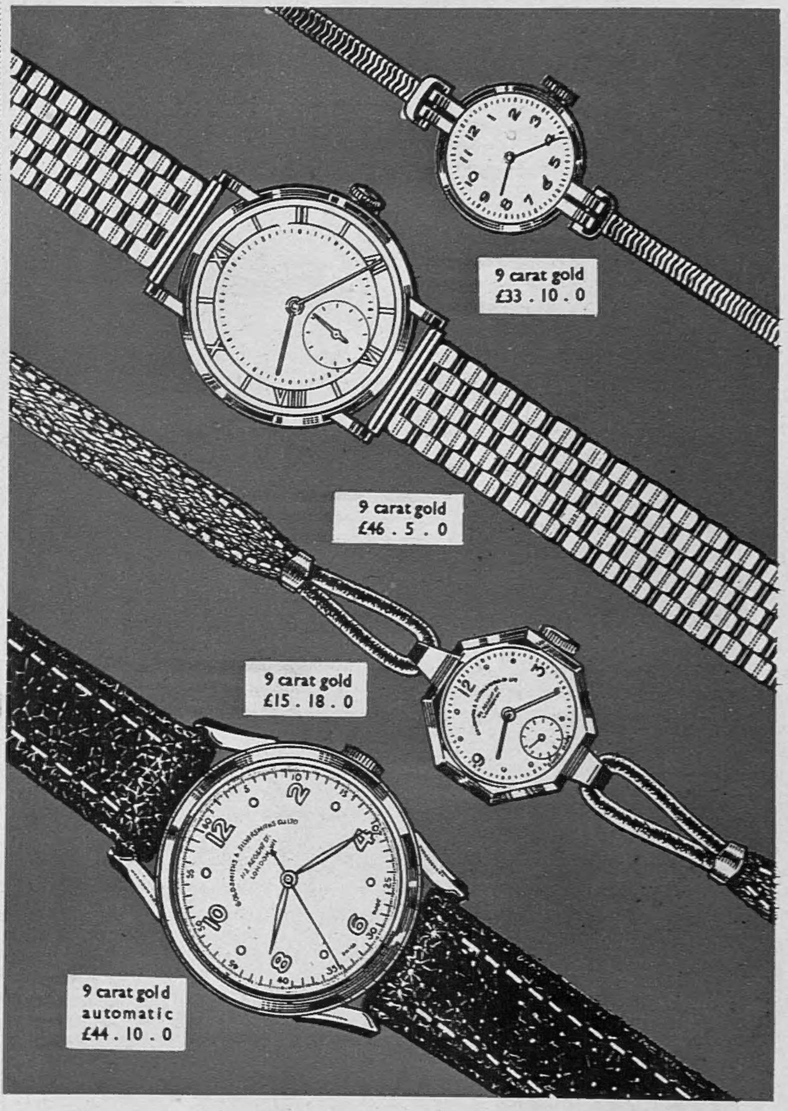

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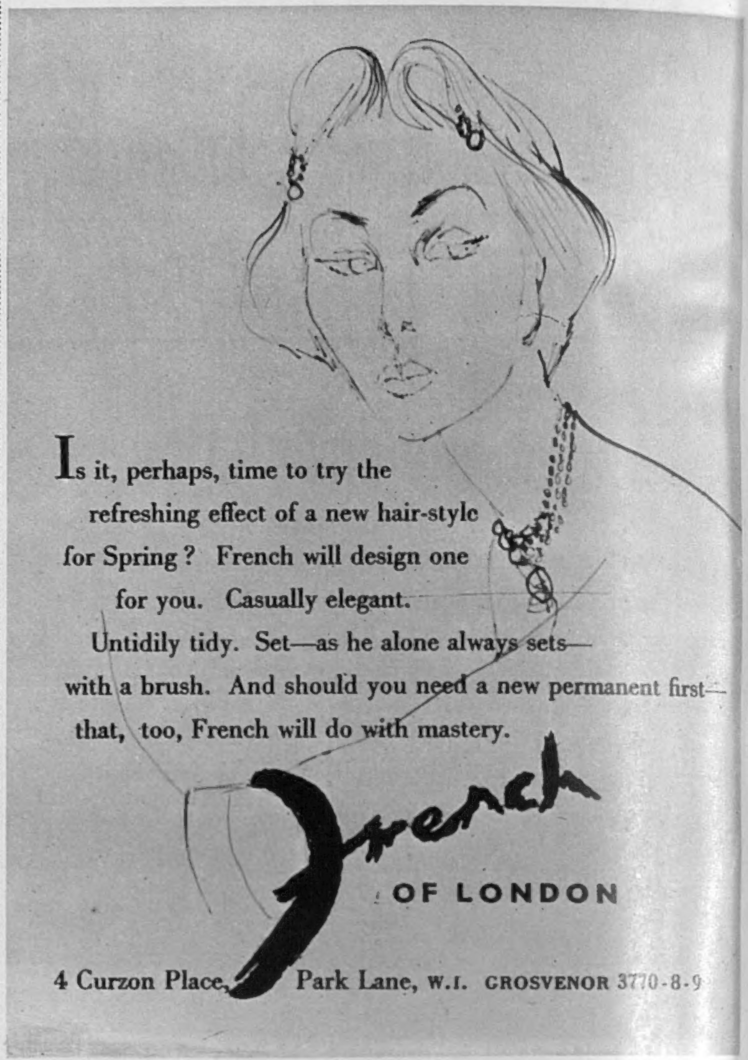
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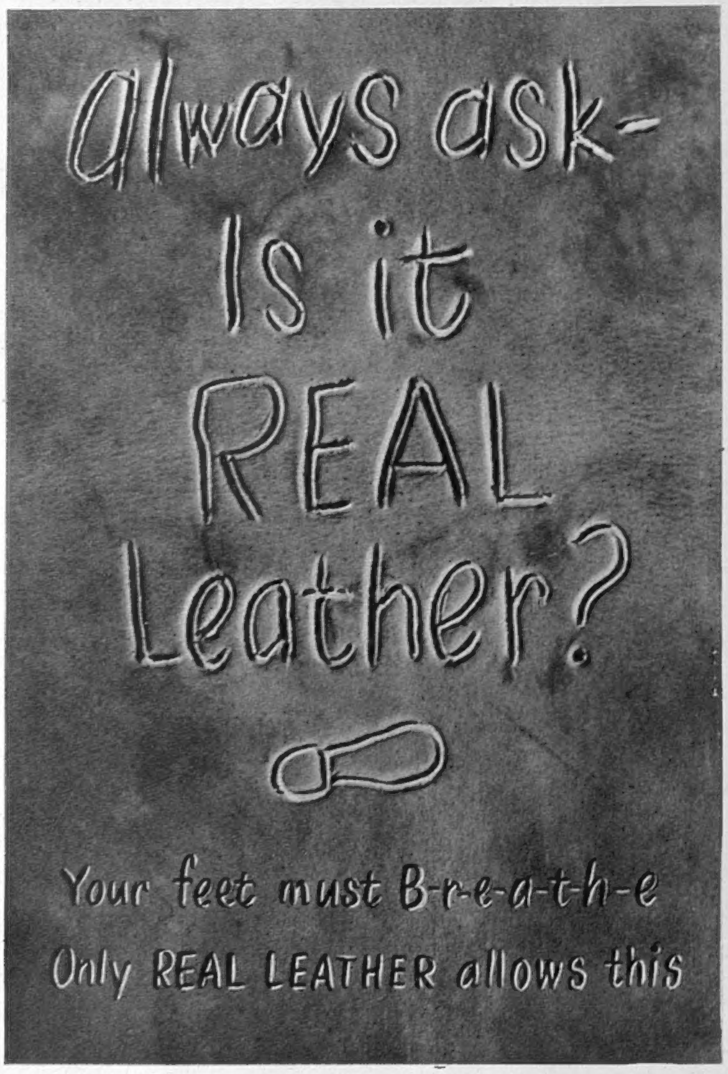
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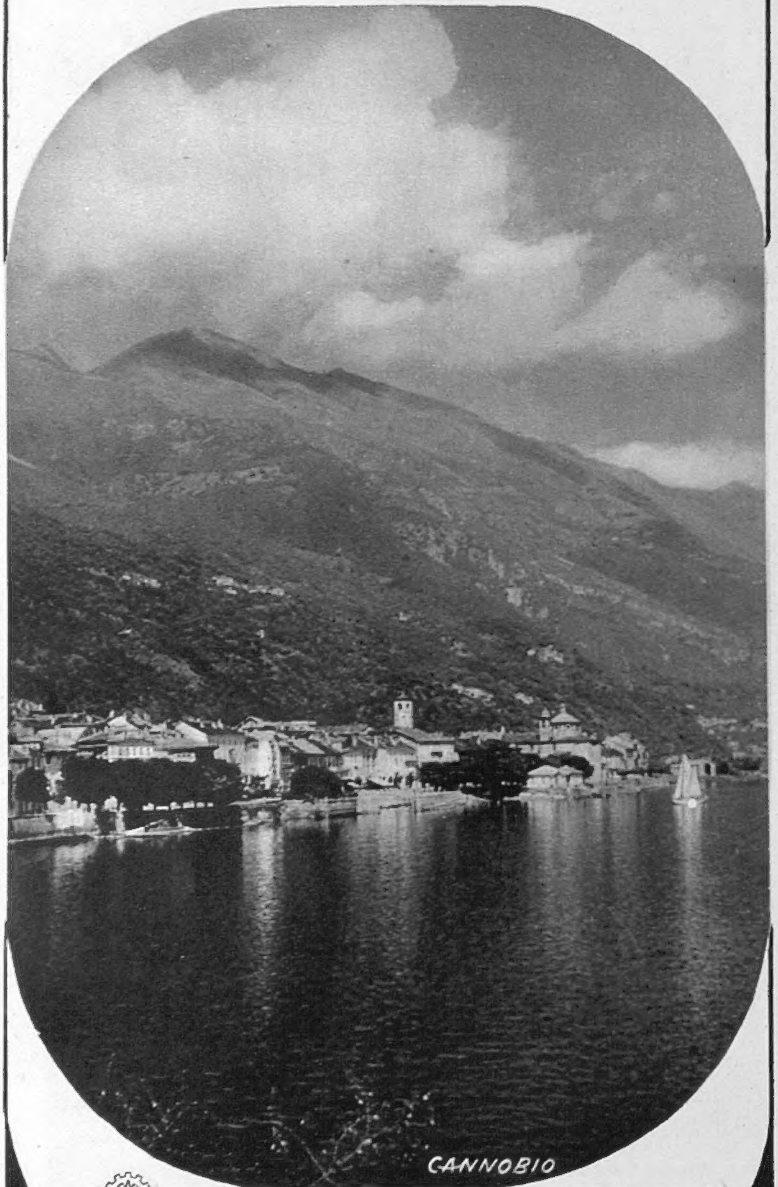

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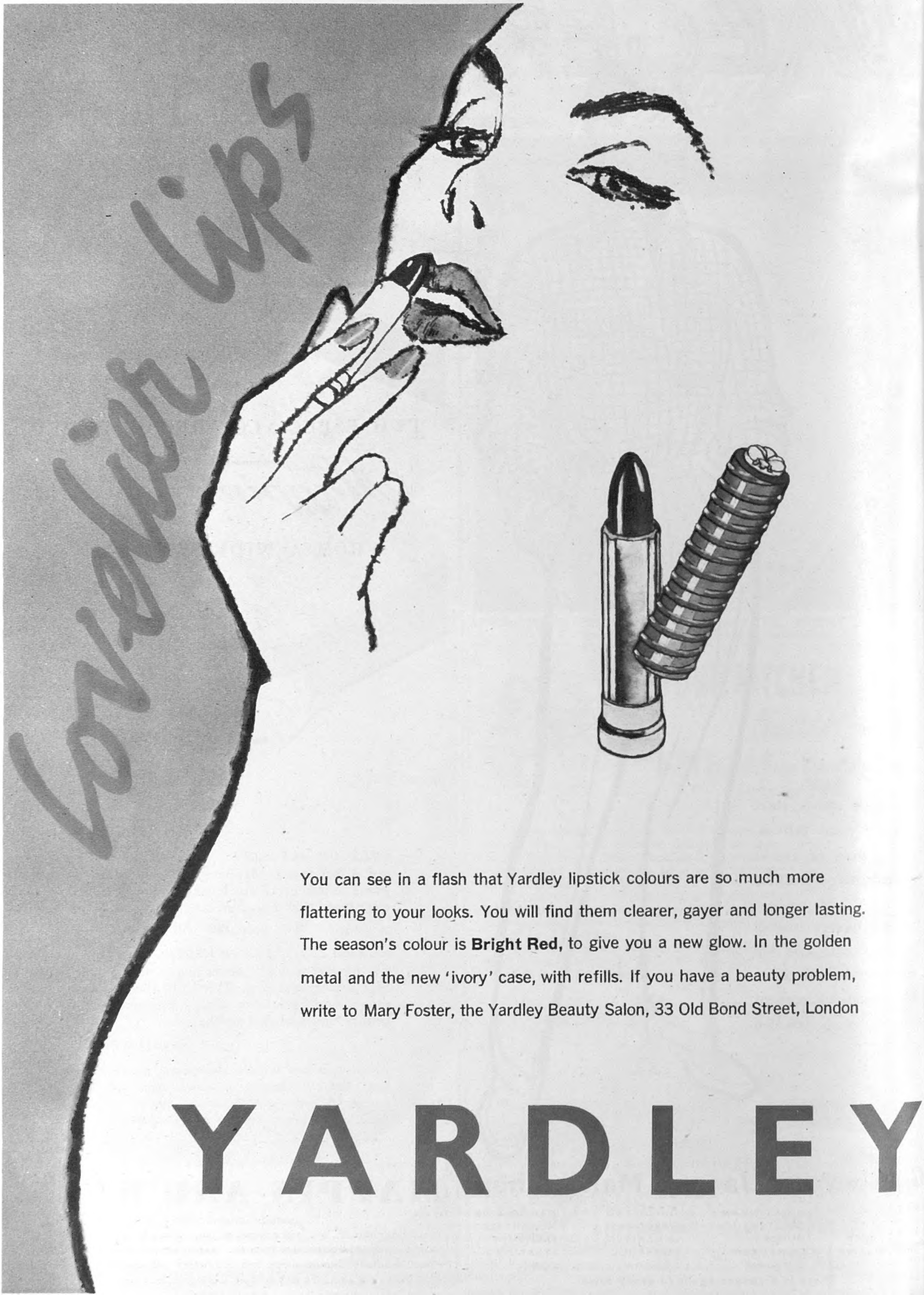
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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1953

CORONATION YEAR

ROYAL ACADEMY

Visitors to the Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy, which opened last Saturday (May 2nd), will be able to see this magnificent new portrait in oils of H.M. the Queen, by James Gunn, who has just been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Commissioned by the Royal Artillery, of which her Majesty is Captain-General, it will eventually hang in the R.A. dining-room at Woolwich beside portraits of her father and grandfather.
Other pictures from the Academy will be found on pages 405-407.

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ANOTHER "ACADEMY"—sometimes described as the Royal Academy of professional photographers, is the annual exhibition of the Institute of British Photographers now on show at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1, until May 16th. The three dogs in this exhibit by Thomas Fall appear to be looking with considerable curiosity at *Bushy*'s own Academy experience on the opposite page.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

I MUST record a new and fearful menace which has crept into the social life of London. The other evening I was bidden to dine with a distinguished dining-club, the guest of honour being a famous nuclear physicist. The chairman made a little speech welcoming the guests and introducing this gentleman, and I sat back to close my mind, enjoy my cigar and think of other things during the twenty to thirty minutes which is the normal period of torture involved in after-dinner speeches.

Not a bit of it. The gentleman whipped smartly round to the other side of the room, where there was a blackboard, at the presence of which I had idly and unsuspectingly wondered. We then had close on two hours' lecture with much (and interesting) use of the chalk and blackboard. Unlike the majority of scientists, the lecturer had an excellent sense of humour, which did something to lighten the tedium of incomprehensibility which followed. No fewer than eight times it seemed as if we were approaching a peroration, with the phrase: "Oh, there is just one other little thing which I thought might be of interest." The speaker finally ended at about eleven o'clock.

After-dinner speeches are bad enough, but long habit enables one, as I say, to close one's mind and think of other and more amusing things. Two-hour lectures on scientific subjects, however, is a habit which must not be allowed to spread. In the words of the old music-hall favourite of my father's time: "Encore, encore—don't do it again!"

A NOTABLE effort, the repetition of which I should welcome, was the performance in Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Christopher Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners* by four young undergraduates from Keble.

To many non-Oxonians, Keble is only familiar through its founder and the famous ribald rhyme involving Messrs. Darwin, Huxley and Ball. Anyone who saw the remarkable performance given by Mr. Michael Elliott and his young friends will have a new respect for this much-maligned college. The production was highly intelligent, and these four undergraduates, performing in a church which is not notable for its acoustics, could have given some necessary lessons to much older professional actors in voice production and audibility. In their case, I would say: "Encore, encore, do it again!"

ONE other event to which I would gladly accord an encore was the lunch given by Mr. Charles Hasslacher, the head of Deinhard's, in their cellars recently. A year ago I recorded the noble '49 and '50 Moselles and Hocks, which a select party enjoyed at an earlier lunch. We were the same little group, only this time the emphasis was on great and ancient Clarets.

Not the entire emphasis, however, as we had a sparkling Rhine wine as an aperitif—a "Sekt" of which Bismarck was so inordinately fond—followed by an admirable dry Moselle Graacher Munzlay 1950, and after the Clarets and before the Taylors '96—

what a noble port !—we had a superbly full Hochheimer Königen Viktoria Berg Riesling Auslese 1949. This wine takes its name from the visit of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort exactly a century ago to the spot near Coblenz where it is grown, and where the monument erected in memory of the occasion stands. The label is one of the prettiest specimens I recall seeing.

However, the Clarets were the *pièce de résistance.* They consisted of a Chateau Lafite 1893, a Chateau Mouton Rothschild 1880 and a Chateau Lafite 1870. Of these the "youngster," the Lafite 1893, had everything one could desire in an old and noble wine—nose, colour and body. The Mouton Rothschild, by contrast, was perhaps a little disappointing in all three respects.

The most incredible of the wines, however, was the Lafite 1870—incredible that a wine which will celebrate its eighty-third birthday this year should retain such remarkable elegant strength. The 1870 Bordeaux vintage—so Mr. Charles Hasslacher (who was five years old at the time) tells me—very nearly ruined a large number of growers. The wine was harsh and intractable, and a complete drug on the market. It was not until the turn of the century that it showed any signs of maturity and breeding. While one is sorry for the Bordeaux shippers of so long ago, one cannot help being thankful for the late start which has enabled this amazing wine to live so long, and conclude its life with so much dignity.

I think that there must be a special quality in the wines of Chateau Lafite which gives them long life. Certainly another memorable pre-phylloxera Claret that I recall was a '65 Lafite which I had at Oxford with that great connoisseur Felix Markham, now Dean of Hertford, but then, like me, an undergraduate.

(The young lady to whom I am dictating this asks me [*a*] how to spell phylloxera and [*b*] who or what it was. It is curious to think that a younger generation can never know what a pre-phylloxera wine was like. That unpleasant little aphis established itself at the roots of the European vines about the year 1878, and all but destroyed the vineyards of Europe. Indeed, the menace was only averted when it was found that American vines grafted to European vines were phylloxera-resistant—a piece of early American Aid to Europe for which we should all be duly grateful. The older generation, of course, maintains that the post-phylloxera wines cannot compare with their predecessors—but I have never been satisfied in my mind that this is so.)

BUSHY ; by Hargrave

"I CALL IT 'VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA'"

WHILE plans are being made for the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead, I was pleased with a story I came across recently about the Turkish warship which came to this country for the Coronation either of King Edward VII. or King George V. "The Sick Man of Europe" was apparently more than usually broke, for when the ship arrived at Gibraltar it had to sell its cable in order to take on enough coal to get to England. She was given her station, and duly anchored, but her one remaining cable was not nearly long enough to keep her in position. First of all she nearly bumped into a neighbouring Russian warship (which, in the then state of international tension, might have had appalling results), and then she similarly threatened a French battleship. The Harbour Master, sent to enquire into these antics, was told about the cable. A new one was lent to the Turkish ship, but I regret to say that a somewhat suspicious C.-in-C. put a British naval party aboard—just in case!

ON Sunday, May 17th, Lord Cowdray tells me, the polo season opens down at Cowdray Park. Last year, it will be remembered, Lord Cowdray and a number of friends experimented in an endeavour to make polo a popular game, and not—as under the then conditions it had inevitably become—a whim for a few very rich people. The experiment was a triumphant success, their best gate being almost 10,000 spectators. Lord Cowdray hopes that polo as a popular spectacle will be even more successful in this Coronation year, and there will be many who will join with me in hoping that he will prove right.

A PLEASANT recent occasion was the party given by the Presidents and officers of the Cambridge Union to launch a history of the Union, edited by that clever young Left-Winger, Mr. Percy Cradock, and containing contributions by a number of ex-Presidents, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Norman Birkett, Mr. Lionel Gamlin and Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas. The Cambridge Union Debating Hall has always given me the impression of being smaller than its Oxford counterpart—an impression confirmed by a present Officer who told me that 900 was about the maximum. At Oxford, when "L.G." came down after World War I., more than 1300 were packed into the House and the galleries—though I believe that the architects had the horrors for some little time afterwards! The Cambridge style of speaking is (according to them) more factual and solid than the Oxonian—though I fear Oxonians describe it as less witty to the point of being dull! There were quite a number of Oxford ex-Presidents at the party, including one of the wittiest ever, Mr. Douglas Woodruff. We were kindly treated—so much so that when Charles Fletcher-Cooke, now an M.P., came up to me and said: "Hallo, Toby! What on earth are you doing here? I thought you were President of the other place," I almost regretted my reply that I had "just dropped in to patronise a deserving boys' club!"

I WAS not a little pleased recently with a story which I recommend to the attention of Tommy Dugdale, the Minister of Agriculture, about the farmer who was visited by a representative of the Ministry of Labour, who, finding his quarry at work, asked him how many men he employed. The answer was four.

The Ministry official, consulting his records as to the size of the farm, said: "I suppose you have to pay them a lot of overtime?"

"Oh, no," replied the farmer. "They just work their eight hours, and then they go off."

"How much do you pay them?"

"Oh, about seven quid a week."

"And those are the only people who work here?"

"Oh, well," said the farmer, "there is a half-wit who does all the rest of the work and works right through week-ends as well."

"What does he get?"

"Oh, between two and three quid a week."

"This is very serious," said the Ministry official. "It must be looked into. Who is the half-wit?"

"Me!"

ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Prince Richard were all guests of the Duke of Beaufort on the second day (April 23rd) of the Olympic

Horse Trials at Badminton. The Queen and her sister, both using twin-lens reflex cameras, and the Duke of Edinburgh with a ciné-camera, emphasised their intense interest in the competitors and events by taking many photographs, frequently using a Land-Rover as a convenient grandstand—the Duke himself was driving and so great was the Royal enthusiasm that the Land-Rover appeared to be almost ubiquitous.

OUR BOOKSHELF

MARIE CORELLI : THE WOMAN AND THE LEGEND. By Eileen Bigland. (*Jarrolds ; 18s.*)
THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. By John Tebbel. (*Gollancz ; 16s.*)
LAUGHTER ON THE STAIRS. By Beverley Nichols. (*Jonathan Cape ; 15s.*)
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. By Elizabeth Taylor. (*Peter Davies ; 10s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

SURPRISE, delight and some rude laughter await readers of *Marie Corelli : The Woman and the Legend*, by Eileen Bigland. The laughter is not to be denied, for Minnie Mackay, the "Contessa Marie Corelli," was in many ways a ridiculous person, but "I felt very sorry that I had ever laughed at her," wrote Hugh Walpole when he visited her home sixteen years after her death in 1924. Surprise will be felt chiefly at the magnitude and variety of the success of this illegitimate daughter of a journalist and song-writer. For a decade or so, while she was at the height of her popularity, she was visited by Gladstone and invited to lunch by the Prince of Wales, she received personal letters from Queen Victoria and Lord Tennyson, her books were the subjects of sermons by the most eminent preachers of the day, she made upwards of £10,000 from each of her novels, one of which is reported to have subscribed 120,000 copies before publication. She had, Mrs. Bigland shows us in this excellent biography, an essentially suburban outlook, appalling conceit and a gushing, giggling, exaggerated attitude to life and to the people about her, but there was a sort of originality in her books and her stories were told with spontaneity and energy. We see her here as the naïve little miss of thirty-six who in a family conclave decided to lop ten years from her age as stated publicly ; we see her as a genuinely kind and generous woman, long-suffering with her intolerable family and an ardent supporter of patriotic charities ; we see her over-dressed self-importance, but also her gift for being liked and discussed by a great number of people. Above all, we see something of the age in which she lived and the violent antipathy and jealousy which her success aroused.

MUCH the same qualities are to be found in another biography, *The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst*, except that Mr. John Tebbel, its author, is less detached and more than once, one cannot help feeling, is himself impressed by the grandiose conceptions of the man he portrays. Here is his description of Hearst's work on the Clarendon, a New York apartment house which he bought to make into his private home. "Now the partitions and ceilings flew with the proverbial will. With five stories and a penthouse to manipulate, Hearst took out floors to make an echoing, cavernous Gothic hall, straight from the Middle Ages, on whose stone walls his great tapestries took on the proper proportions, and on whose spacious floors his armour collection looked quite at home. In time he added on one of the floors a splendid Georgian library and a well-equipped art gallery, in which he hung a small museum full of valuable pictures." This was only one of Hearst's habitations. There was St. Joan, "a rambling French château with Gothic towers" which stood on thirteen acres of ground on Long Island and had a real lighthouse of its own. He bought St. Donat's Castle in Wales, and when he visited it three years later we are asked to picture "the American multi-millionaire, the golden boy of the Western world, standing triumphantly before a thousand years of English history rising sheer in the moonlight on its cliff high above the Bristol Channel." Then there was the Santa Monica beach-house, "a white-pillared manse, huge as a railway terminal," and the four Spanish palaces of San Simeon which were built in the mountains on an estate of 275,000 acres and had a 200-seat theatre, a private airport, a white marble swimming-pool, a private zoo and never less than fifty or sixty guests. As if these were not enough there was Wyntoon, a Bavarian village re-created in the mountains of California. All these and the scarcely less extravagant private life of the newspaper owner, his lifelong hatred for England and France, which seems to have come from the fact that he was, or that he felt, snubbed in them as a young man, his political career, which ended in failure, and his newspapers, are described with a lavishness which well suits them. But at the end of it all we know no more of Hearst the man than did those countless guests in his houses. Perhaps, one is driven to think, no one knew him. Or, perhaps, even more probably, there was no one to know. At any rate, Mr. Tebbel makes his story, if not the man himself, vivid and interesting.

FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION.
The Letter, by Gerard Ter Borch, in the Royal collection at Buckingham Palace, reproduced in *The Connoisseur Coronation Book*, a handsomely produced volume just published by *The Connoisseur*, 28 and 30, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. Price 21s.

THERE are extravagantly conceived characters also in *Laughter on the Stairs*, by Beverley Nichols. The many thousands of readers among whom I count myself not the least enthusiastic who have read and enjoyed this author's "house and garden" books will not be disappointed in this one. Indeed, it is perhaps the most frivolous and colourful of them all, with its maliciously caricatured country-dwellers, its witty discussion of people and things, its anecdotal satire. Sometimes there is real feeling, born of harsh experience perhaps, in such a chapter as the one called P.G., and sometimes the author, whose sense of what makes good entertainment is impeccable, senses that he has lost his audience for a moment as he does in the chapter called Picture Gallery. We do not grow tired of the characters already met in *Merry Hall*, like Miss Emily Kaye, Miss Rose Fenton, Oldfield, and the friend referred to as Bob, but there are some new arrivals in this book, Miss Mint, Miss Erica Wyman, who writes books about gypsies, and a few more.

LASTLY a novel, and rather a disappointing one, from an author who has always seemed to me to miss triumph by a hair-breadth. *The Sleeping Beauty*, by Elizabeth Taylor, is a finicking, trivial story about not very interesting people behaving very much as such people do behave. Their conduct is faultlessly described, their conversation accurately reproduced, but the story fails for lack of anything that could be called drama, and the exquisitely constructed scenes become toneless. We meet first Isabella, who has just lost her husband in a boating accident. Her son, a young Army officer on leave, has been commended for his attempt to save his father, but is curiously reticent about it with his mother. Vinny, a middle-aged friend of the family of whom Isabella has previously thought and spoken as though he were a sort of professional mourner, arrives to comfort her and advise Laurence, the son, about his future. He falls in love not with Isabella, a colourless woman with a secret passion for backing horses, but with a neighbour named Emily, whom he marries. Her sister Rose discovers that he is married already, and Emily, informed of this, is undeterred. The word bigamy is spoken and faced, but as Vinny's wife has her reason for not interfering, all ends in quiet happiness.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

I STILL HAVEN'T UNPACKED.
By William Holt. (*Harrap ; 12s. 6d.*)

IN THE WET.
By Nevil Shute. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

A STRANGER HERE.
By Robert Henriques. (*Collins ; 12s. 6d.*)

BEWARE OF THE TRAINS.
By Edmund Crispin. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)

FAREWELL, CATULLUS.
By Pierson Dixon. (*Hollis and Carter ; 12s. 6d.*)

JOURNEY'S EVE. By Elizabeth Cadell.
(*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

The sentimental novel enlivened by something better than mere wit, an honest-to-goodness sense of humour.

SAFETY LAST.
By Colonel W. F. Stirling, D.S.O., M.C.
(*Hollis and Carter ; 18s.*)

The author's adventures were many. He entered Damascus with Colonel Lawrence, was once Acting Governor of Sinai, acted as technical adviser in the filming of *The Four Feathers*, and so on. He tells his story well.

MY BEST MARY.
Selected Letters of Mary Shelley. Edited by Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford. (*Wingate ; 15s.*)

The authors collaborated in *Tribute to Wordsworth*, and now make their first selection of the larger collection of Mary Shelley's letters. They choose wisely and their introduction shows scholarship and imagination.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Eric Coop.

POPULARISING POETRY

"*Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind,*" wrote Macaulay, and, indeed, one could be forgiven for imagining that to be the general attitude to poets and poetry in this country. But two people who have always believed that poetry is for everyone are the well-known poet and professor of poetry at Oxford, Cecil Day Lewis, and his very attractive wife, actress Jill Balcon, daughter of film-maker Sir Michael Balcon. Together, they have travelled England giving readings to enthusiastic audiences. Mrs. Day Lewis feels that interest is increasing, and tells of queues in the West Country and the North-East towns—and of readings booked up well ahead.

With her tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara, and wearing a lovely gown of white organdie, the bride leaves Ingestre Hall with her uncle, the Earl of Shrewsbury, who gave her away.

Cheerfully lending a hand with the luggage are Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. John Stern, brother of the bridegroom and best man.

A happy picture of the bride and groom cutting the beautifully-decorated cake at the reception, which was held at Ingestre Hall.

Making a delightful picture on the stairs are young cousins of the bride Alicia Crofton, *left*, and Zara Heber Percy. Behind them are, *l. to r.*, Lady Rose Chetwynd-Talbot and Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot, cousins of the bride, Deirdre Heber Percy, sister of the bride, and Maureen O'Brien.

Mrs. J. Chandos-Pole, mother of the bride, *left*, with Lady Stern and Sir Albert Stern, parents of the bridegroom.

Among the guests were Señor and Señora Ruiz-Morales, of the Spanish Embassy, and Mr. Anthony Dove.

WEDDING FROM INGESTRE HALL

The marriage took place on Saturday at St. Mary's, Ingestre, near Stafford, of Mr. Gerald David Stern, younger son of Sir Albert and Lady Stern, of Barham Court, Maidstone, and Miss Sylvia Venetia Heber Percy, elder daughter of Mr. Peter Heber Percy and Mrs. John Chandos-Pole, of 23, Chester Row, S.W.I. The bride was given away by her uncle, the Earl of Shrewsbury. Guests were entertained at a reception held at Ingestre Hall, the beautiful old home of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

(*Right.*) The bride goes away in a high-buttoning suit and close-fitting hat, and the cameraman snatches a last picture as the happy couple leave Ingestre Hall.

MISS SARAH MILLAR : By Anthony Devas, A.R.A. Elect.

ASPECTS OF THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY

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(Continued overleaf)

The Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy which opened on May 2nd and which will remain open until August 16th, will be sure to draw a record number of visitors, both because of its very high standard and because of the vast numbers of sightseers who will be in London for the Coronation. The phenomenal task of selecting nearly 1400 works from the thousands submitted to the judging Council must this year have been made more difficult than usual but at the same time more satisfying, because of the particularly high quality of the works. One of the most noteworthy paintings in the exhibition is this delightful portrait in oils by Anthony Devas. Like James Gunn, whose portrait of the Queen is reproduced on our frontispiece, Mr. Devas is one of the five newly-elected Associates of the Royal Academy. His lovely model is Miss Sarah Millar, sister of Mr. Oliver Millar, Deputy Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures.

DAVID AND ROSANNA, by Claude Harrison.

MRS. LOIS BILTON, by Arnold Mason, R.A.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, by John V. Walton.

IT MIGHT BE ?, by Charles Spencelayh.

THE WHITE CANOE, by Sir Alfred J. Munnings, P.P.R.A.

ASPECTS OF THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY (contd.)

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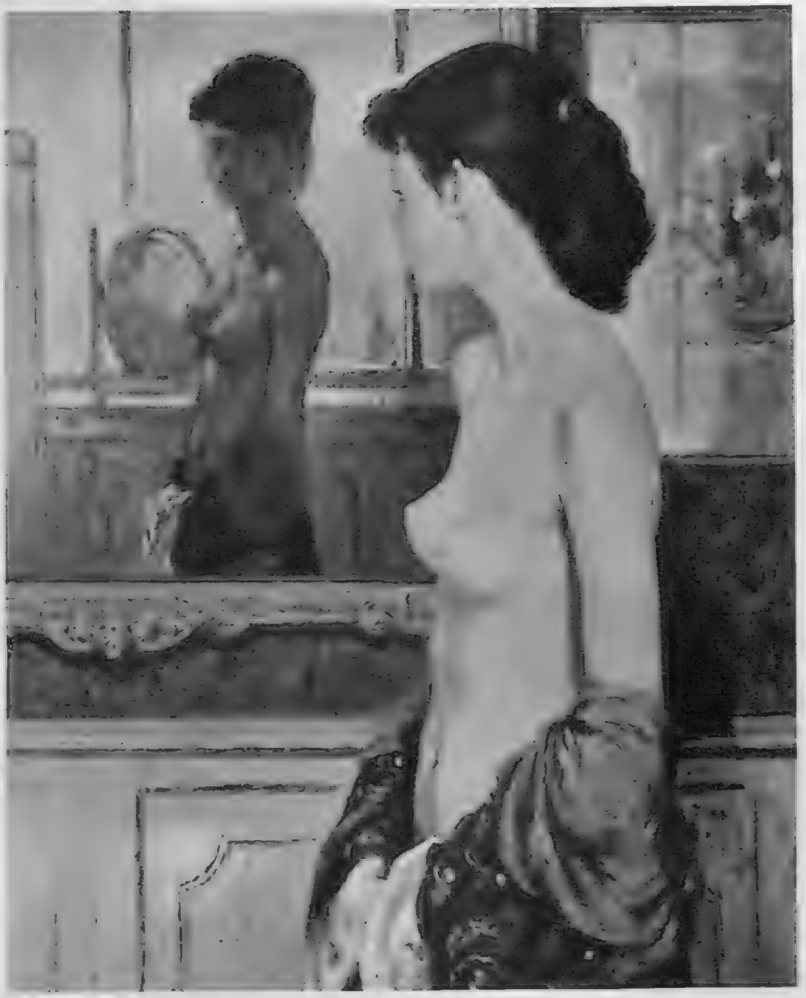
THE CRITICS, by Steven Spurrier, R.A.

STILL LIFE, by T. C. P. Whidborne.



THE MIRROR, by Beatrice P. Holden.

EARLY MORNING IN A GIPSY CAMP, by Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Antony and Cleopatra

(*Stratford-upon-Avon*)

CLEOPATRA'S death is one of the great experiences of the theatre. It is so now at Stratford-upon-Nile. With the bright day done, the Queen's eyes are closed for the last time. There, in gold and night-blue and scarlet, with the torches flaring, and the bodies of Charmian and Iras to left and right of her, Cleopatra sits beneath the glittering wings, throned in death, wearing the diadem of Egypt. The cold voice of Octavius Cæsar has spoken the farewell: "*She shall be buried by her Antony: no grave upon the earth shall clip in it a pair so famous.*" In the silence of her Monument we leave the Queen, the "lass unparallel'd" who, at her death, was fire and air.

The scene is, as it should be, the crown of the Stratford revival, an exciting one, though I cannot say with honesty that our superb actress, Peggy Ashcroft, was born for Cleopatra. At the end she speaks with a rapt beauty. Earlier, in her languishings and her rages, she gets nearer to Cleopatra than I would have thought possible. None would recognise the loveliest Cordelia of her period in the red-haired fury that drives upon the Messenger. All that intellect can do Miss Ashcroft does; and if I am not persuaded that this is the Serpent of Nile, maybe the fault is mine. There is ever in Peggy Ashcroft the light of honesty: her spirit shines through her. During this production one has to make the quick mental adjustment; to tell oneself that this is indeed the Cleopatra (trader in love) of the "strong Egyptian fetters"; and the Queen that can be caught in that petty brawl with her own chamberlain.

Still, it is, within its unavoidable limits, on its own scale, a performance to honour. The actress, imaginative interpreter that she is, uses her own "strong toil of grace." Her Antony, Michael Redgrave, does not (which is surprising) invariably get below the surface of the verse. "*The breaking of so great a thing,*" says Cæsar, "*should make a greater crack.*" Redgrave being Redgrave, his performance of the ravaged triumvir, the soldier in his early autumn (where grey does "something mingle with our younger brown") is undeniably grand in outline: we can tell ourselves that it will be filled in later. For me there is nothing yet in the night comparable with Olivier's utterance of "Dido and her Æneas shall want troops" at the St. James's two years ago. But Redgrave is full of surprises: instead of the major speeches, the "dying, Egypt, dying," he leaves in my mind the simple line: "The April's in her eyes, it is love's spring," from quite another occasion, when Octavia is the theme. Marius Goring is exact as Octavius Cæsar, the marble pillar that is Rome, the snow on the height; Harry Andrews's Enobarbus wisely does not assume the purple; and among much good minor work I recall Tony Britton's blunt Pompey, David O'Brien's Eros, and Peter Norris's way with those perfect lines, tossed—as is Shakespeare's bounty—to the shadow, Euphronius:

> *I was of late as petty to his ends*
> *As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf*
> *To his grand sea.*

Glen Byam Shaw has staged the play with a simplicity against which the magnificence of the verse can flame. The wide skies of the cyclorama glow with colour: then, at the last, we are enclosed within the Monument, and the gold throne is set. Generally, except for certain cunning visual suggestions of pomp, Mr. Shaw—as in the Piccadilly Theatre revival of 1946—lets the verse do its work and gives the full stage to his actors. He can both deal with the revel on Pompey's galley, and later, interpret the trickiest stage direction in Shakespeare: "After their going-in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight." Cuts are few, though I missed Octavius Cæsar's nominal roll (and could well have done without Seleucus). One thing I regretted at the première was the uneasy laughter in the audience during the peasant's visit to the Monument with the asp. Shakespeare has not helped: these joy-o'-the-worm speeches are difficult to our ears. But (as we have known in other revivals) the laughter can be stemmed, and it is even more important to have quiet in the audience here than in the "Kill Claudio!" showpiece of *Much Ado*. We are about to reach one of the greatest speeches in the drama of the world: it is not easy for Cleopatra's "Give me my robe, put on my crown" to follow "joy o' the worm."

Never mind. That is a matter various audiences will treat variously. On the first night Peggy Ashcroft had not spoken a dozen words before the house was still again; and hardly a breath stirred when she came later to what Masefield has called "those most marvellous words, written at one golden time . . . when the man must have been trembling":

> *Peace, peace!*
> *Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,*
> *That sucks the nurse asleep?*

Airs on a Shoestring

(*Royal Court*)

THE first of the season's revues is in high career at the Court, precisely the stage for it. We have grown rather tired of intimate revue in the "clubs," parish-pump twitter, most of which would be treble-Dutch to a visitor from, say, St. Albans or Woking. But *Airs on a Shoestring* is thoroughly intelligible, inventive and gay: gay without the juvenile insolence that too often masquerades as wit. Laurier Lister's revue has the graces of good temper and good manners; it has also the benefit of Max Adrian (that pair of sparkling eyes), Moyra Fraser's sense of mischief, Betty Marsden's readiness, and a company in which nobody lets down the side. There are between twenty-five and thirty composers and lyrists, more than twice the number of the cast; and they have put together a revue that will stay cheerful in the memory.

What first? I would say *Guide to Britten*, which explains everything we want to know about Benjamin: name of Grimes and Herring. But I put very close indeed the number in which Moyra Fraser, more-or-less blithe spirit of a Bohemian girl, tells us what went on "one wet Whit Monday in a studio off the Boltons" (the phrase is Joyce Grenfell's, and the lyric reminded me now and again of John Betjeman's delightful specialised melancholy). In *Sir Edgar*, a Grenfell monologue, Betty Marsden is a secretary, swooning palely for the love of a peculiarly noxious employer. Max Adrian recalls (does the bell ring?) a distinguished figure brooding on the lost sweets of life, a dream of forgotten confections. Moyra Fraser "continues" the sly *Penny Plain* dance, with the brushed-up hair and the peering eye. And we have, too, an alarming indication of what might happen if the Archer family (of radio) and Dr. Dale's ever joined forces.

If I were to cut, I should make for *The Order of the Garter* and *Below the Surface*—neither of which does Max Adrian justice—but it says much for Mr. Lister's judgment that, though one or two numbers would not be missed, the average quality is remarkable. Also (I repeat) the whole thing is gay—with a gaiety that is never just like synthetic cream over inferior rhubarb.

The Seagull

(*Arts Theatre Club*)

HERE once more are the yearnings, the ecstasies, the rash-embraced despairs; here is the light on a vanished Russia; here the summer that is autumnal, the distillation of sweet grief. John Fernald's way with Chekhov is never to force, to underline, but to let the play run naturally. At the Arts he has, on the whole, the right kind of cast (and the right sets by Disley Jones: sets that find at once the atmosphere of Sorin's estate).

We get one or two uncommon performances. Thus Alan MacNaughtan discerns the true shades of vanity and uncertainty in the novelist who expects to see on his tombstone a note that he was a charming writer, but not so good as Turgenev. The violin-string sensitivity of Michael Gwynn's Konstantin proves again what an actor we have in the young man who distinguished himself (in such parts as Casca and York) through several seasons at Stratford. And, of course, Frederick Leister could play old Sorin on his head. Elsewhere John Arnatt has a gentle, charming ease as Dorn (he will forgive an admission that, for me, the part must always be spoken in the tones of Leon Quartermaine from the 'thirties). And, mercifully, Richard Warner's Medvedyenko does not let his hint of a stammer worry us.

The women, maybe, are less satisfying. Catherine Lacey (who, we can remember in this week, was once an exciting Stratford Cleopatra) is too uncompromising as Arkadina. Jane Griffiths is a serviceable Nina, but the girl needs more than this actress can give yet. I have one more small complaint. It seems needless to retranslate when we have Calderon's version. "What an amount of love!" does not ring.

PRESENT AND FUTURE

TO-NIGHT (May 6th) the Queen attends a gala performance of Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Henry the Eighth* at the Old Vic. She will hear William Squire (as Cranmer) speaking the prophecy about the future Queen Elizabeth I. on her christening-day:

> *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*
> *An aged princess; many days shall see her,*
> *And yet no day without a deed to crown it.*

The principals are Alexander Knox as Wolsey, Leo Genn (another Old Vic favourite) as Buckingham, Gwen Ffrangcon - Davies as Katharine, which she has played at Stratford, and Paul Rogers as Henry. Also in the cast are John Phillips as Norfolk and Laurence Hardy as Gardiner. Tanya Moiseiwitsch has designed costumes and scenery for an elaborate production that will run for eight weeks.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

The Comédie Française has two more weeks at the St. James's. Racine's *Britannicus* opens next Monday (May 11th); and from May 18th there will be a double bill: Marivaux's comedy, *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, and Alfred de Musset's *On ne saurait penser à tout*. On May 27th English drama returns to the St. James's: Mary Hayley Bell's *The Uninvited Guest*, with John Mills, Joan Greenwood, Cathleen Nesbitt, Clive Morton and Lyndon Brook in the cast, and an English country-house setting. Henry Sherek, who presents this, has also acquired the same dramatist's *Foreign Field*, tried out at the New Bromley not long ago.

GETTING AROUND

Paul Rogers has joined the cast of T. S. Eliot's *The Confidential Clerk*, which opens at Edinburgh; it comes to London early in the autumn. . . . Cicely Courtneidge will head the cast of *Over the Moon*, a revue (music and lyrics by Vivian Ellis), which begins at the Piccadilly to-morrow (May 7th). . . . The first Taw and Torridge Festival, which runs this year from July 11th to July 19th (with Bideford, Barnstaple and Ilfracombe as Festival centres), will contain Ronald Duncan's new play, *Don Juan*, produced by E. Martin Browne at the Palace, Bideford.

HENRY VIII.—to be played by Paul Rogers.

QUEEN KATHARINE—to be played by Gwen Ffrangcon Davies.

CARDINAL WOLSEY—to be played by Alexander Knox.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM—to be played by Leo Genn.

For To-night's ROYAL PREMIÈRE

These sketches by Tanya Moiseiwitsch show four of her brilliant new costume designs for the Coronation production of *Henry VIII.*, which opens at the Old Vic to-night (May 6th) with truly regal splendour, for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will be paying the theatre an official visit—the first Royal première in the Old Vic's history. *Henry VIII.*, traditionally one of the most lavishly dressed of Shakespeare plays, will be the most elaborate production staged at the Old Vic since its reopening in 1950, and will crown its own evening's Royal splendour with these words from the last scene when Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, says : "*Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth !*"

APRIL 14TH.—PRE-VIEW. Miss Rosemary Beddoe-Rees presents a bouquet to Mrs. C. Frankland Moore, who helped organise a pre-view of *The Living Room* for the Victory Ex-Services Club.

APRIL 14TH.—SITTING ON THE STAIRS. Lady Annabel Vane-Tempest-Stewart sits out with Mr. David Naylor-Leyland at a dance given by Major Hornby for his twenty-year-old daughter, Miss Mariette Hornby, at the Savoy.

APRIL 15TH.—HANDSHAKE FOR THE GUARD. Miss Antonia Aked, one of last year's prettiest débutantes, married Captain William Spowers, Grenadier Guards, of Melbourne, Australia, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

APRIL 18TH.—NAVAL WEDDING AT HOLY TRINITY, BROMPTON. Miss Gabrielle Mary Sclater-Booth, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Basing, of The Malt House, Gillingham, Dorset, was married to Lieut.-Commander M. P. Seth Smith, R.N., son of Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Seth Smith.

APRIL 23RD.—AT SCONE PALACE. Enjoying the sun on the second day of the Perth Hunt Races are Mr. Blair Stewart-Wilson (*left*) with Miss Caroline Dewar and Lord Stormont.

APRIL 23RD.—OLYMPIC HORSE riding *Galiote*, sails over the the three-day event at Badminton, Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, of Gloucester were among

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

THE 248th Foyles Literary Luncheon at the Dorchester on April 16th was a specially good one, both from a gastronomic and æsthetic point of view. This time Mr. Vivian Ellis was "lion," the luncheon celebrating the publication of his autobiography, *I'm on a See-saw*. Other treats were fresh salmon, and masses of celebrities who crowded the top table even more than usual. Commenting on Mr. Butler's kindly gesture towards authors was Sir Alan Herbert, the chairman; then came Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope, referred to by Sir Alan as "the walking encyclopædia theatrica," who said how good it was to be able to propose the health of the live Mr. Ellis, "as I usually talk about people who are nicely tucked up in their graves." Everyone enjoyed Mr. Ellis's unusual reply—playing snatches from his various shows and giving a running commentary on them. Lastly, all the "stars" were asked to make speeches at once, standing up and letting forth for thirty seconds simultaneously. We noticed Bobby Howes going on doggedly, Florence Desmond, Evelyn Laye and Anona Winn doing pretty well, and amid a fractious rattle of bracelets, Hermione Gingold was obviously not prepared to be outdone by anyone.

APRIL 20TH.—Somebody paying a surprise visit to Lord Ednam's Cumberland Place house and hearing Mr. James Tennant, Lord Glenconner's son, shouting "Villain! Blackguard!", might have wondered what was going on; actually it was a rehearsal of *Lord and Lady Algy*, a comedy of the Gay 'Nineties which is being produced for charity next month. We found Mr. Billy Wallace, who plays a typical Guardee, and Miss Veronica Naylor-Leyland busy studying their scripts—Mrs. Gerald Legge was doing without one. Lord Porchester, Mr. Reresby Sitwell and Miss Katherine Smith were all kept well up to the mark by the director, Mr. Alan Jefferson; Lord Ednam himself was getting comfortably into his stride as a marquess, and Mr. Anthony Berry did splendidly with notebook and pencil as a reporter from the *Weekly Searchlight*.

APRIL 21ST.—There was a pleasant sit-down tea-party at the Dorchester to make arrangements for the Rose Ball in aid of residential clubs for elderly gentlepeople, which is planned for July 9th. Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch took the chair; Miss Elizabeth Fagan and Miss Jennifer Ratcliffe were chatting at one table; at another, Miss Jennifer Dobbin and Miss Patricia Walker, Coronation-year debs., were being told of the delights of Queen Charlotte's Ball by Miss Sarah Tennyson d'Eyncourt.

"I don't approve of gin for the young," said Mrs. Frederick Parsons, explaining why she had chosen champagne, sherry and tomato juice for

APRIL 17TH.—U.S.A. SUBMARINE *ICEFISH* ARRIVES IN HOLLAND. Prince Bernhard (*centre, foreground*) was at Rotterdam to welcome the first of two U.S. submarines which have been lent to the Dutch Navy for training purposes until their own new submarines have been completed.

APRIL 17TH. — AUTOGRAPHING THE DRUM. Miss Clare Michell, watched by Mr. Jeremy Sandford, Sir Thomas Beevor and Miss Marigold Hunt, writes her name on the band's drum at the coming-out dance given for her by her parents at Hoxne, Norfolk.

TRIALS. Mr. M. M. Van Loon, of Holland, water jump during the cross-country section of Gloucestershire. The Queen, the Duke of the Princess Royal and the Duke and Duchess the keenest of spectators.

APRIL 24TH.—WINNERS. Major L. Rook, reserve member of the British team, won the Badminton three-day event with *Starlight*, and received the Butler Challenge Bowl, an individual award, from the Queen.

APRIL 27TH. — BACK IN TOWN AGAIN. Lady Churchill arriving back at Downing Street from Windsor and Chequers, where she and Sir Winston had been spending the week-end.

the cocktail party for her daughter Sarah. Among those offered the choice were Miss Penelope Yollande, Miss Susan Parkes and Miss Hazel Scott-Ellis, Lord Howard de Walden's eldest daughter. Mrs. Hubbard brought her daughter, Miss Julia Royds; Miss Rose Lycett-Green and Miss Janet Allanson-Winn were also accompanied by their mothers. The party was supposed to be just for mothers and daughters, but Mr. Timothy Parsons was helping his sister to introduce the guests; Mr. Robin Napier also managed to be there somehow.

APRIL 22ND.—We went along to investigate *La Fiesta's* new venture—a wine-tasting party—and found that sipping five different white wines in the candle-lit basement of Nell Gwyn House was a most soothing way to spend an evening, and a welcome change from the everlasting cocktail parties. Mr. Patrick Spooner, chairman of this club to brighten the lives of already-bright young things, came along with his wife. We saw Mr. Michael Berger busily dispensing sips of Barsac; Miss Helen Munro, Mr. John Lang and Mr. Peter Woodroffe were others polishing up their palates.

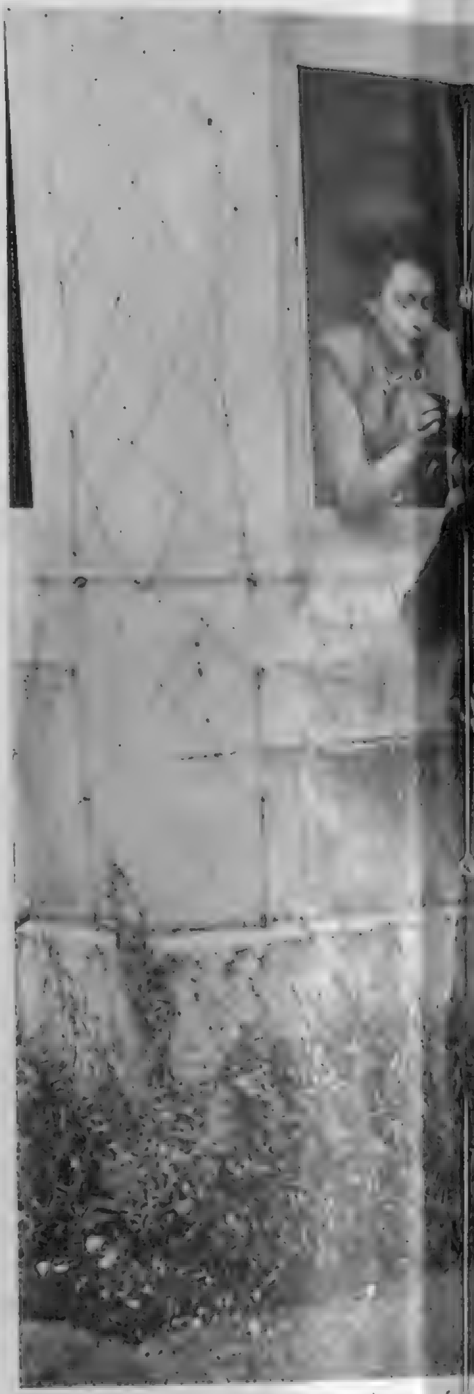
APRIL 24TH.—Miss Rohaise Patterson invited nearly every member of her old form at "Heathfield" to her coming-out dance which her mother, Mrs. A. R. Patterson, gave for her in the jolly studio of their home in Bedford Gardens. Debs. of last year, this year and next year were being partnered by Old Wykehamists and undergraduates from Cambridge; Miss Jennifer Clark and Miss Jane Conyngham (past), Miss Iona Tottenham (present) and Miss April Brunner (future) were some of the girls, while the young men included Mr. Julian Gardner, Mr. Rodney de Chair and Mr. David Galbraith, who arrived with Messrs. Richard and John Hughes-Hallett. Lady Prudence Loudon brought her sixteen-year-old daughter, Miss Katherine Loudon, and Miss Elizabeth Wyndham, who had just come back from South Africa.

APRIL 27TH.—Sailing dinghies propelled like comic bicycles by patent-leather-shod helmsmen tacked in all directions around the tropical Taverners' island; gallantly ploughed through minefields of gaily-coloured balloons, and sometimes hit, sometimes missed buoys with such intriguing names as *The Googlie*, *The Twerp* and *Off Stump* during the dry-land sailing regatta which was the sporting event of the third annual Lord's Taverners' Ball for the National Playing Fields Association. A majestic judges' launch aptly named the *Tea Belle* cruised erratically to assist possible survivors from frequent capsizings; Mr. Uffa Fox, whom we later saw dancing in shorts, was beaten by Mr. Denis Compton in the first race, and in the final Taverners' Island Blue Riband Mr. Jack Hawkins was an easy winner, his most serious rival, Mr. Dennis Castle, having been stranded and fallen prey to the island's evil-looking sole inhabitant—Mr. Godfrey Evans, the English wicket-keeper, heavily disguised. Lord and Lady Tarbat had a large party watching from a floorside table, and as usual actors and actresses abounded.

At the Albert Hall Coronation Ball on May 27th the whole balcony will be set aside and specially fitted up for "sitters-out" who are not in a party occupying a box. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are joint presidents of the Ball, which will have a midnight Pageant of Coronations as one of its many attractions.

Lady Alexander is president of the Maple Leaf Ball organised by the Canadian Women's Club which is to take place at the Savoy Hotel on June 11th. The proceeds will go to the Club Fund for the Welfare of Canadian Veterans and their families in the United Kingdom.

Shouldn't he be out there, just in case? Prince Charles is a slightly worried spectator as the Queen laughingly lends a helping hand to the determined little figure of Princess Anne, who is intent on climbing the wall alone and *almost* unaided.



This, after all, is what big brothers are for, to provide moral support and be rea

From Our Roya

These charming photographs of the Queen with Prince Charles and Princess Anne were taken in the beautiful grounds of Balmoral Castle during the

Not actually to *help*, you understand, but
...y with the real thing if it 's needed !

And now, while his little sister isn't looking, to prove that it *can* be done—just for his own satisfaction. His mother watches carefully, encouraging his independence, but ready to proffer assistance the moment it is wanted.

...al Family Album

...Royal family's last Scottish holiday. The delightful informality of the pictures is in strong contrast to the forthcoming pomp and circumstance in June.

Photographed by Studio Lisa.

Candid Commentaries : by Criticus

Covent Garden

Sketches by Susan Benson

" . . . and joined several other faun-like creatures."

"I'LL wipe it acrost yer face ! " . . . Irishmen are the same the world over. They have so little sense of compromise that an Irish girl has to choose between perpetual adoration and perpetual domesticity. An infuriated Irish porter threatening his mate with an outsize broccoli was my introduction to Covent Garden.

A ribald note is seldom absent from these three acres of profusion. Within a stone's throw of the Strand, I found the mud of farms and the dialects of rural lanes. Van Gogh would have warmed to the scene. Here was a canvas splashed with all the glory of the vegetable world . . . festoons of grapes, shallots, Canadian apples, tangerines without their silver coats, grape-fruit, shining onions, swedes, oranges, parsnips, beetroot, friendly cabbages, carpets of watercress, and the extravagant colours of massed flowers. Porters rushed around like courtiers of Nature. The restlessness of the fields had touched the heart of the city . . . an appropriate analogy, for centuries ago vegetables and flowers were grown where the market now stands. It was then the Convent Garden of St. Peter's, and the produce went to the table of the Abbot of Westminster.

I turned from this London street market to the Royal Opera House. Here was a world on its own, completely remote from the earthy smell of vegetables and soil. It was the season of ballet, with preparations in progress for the evening performance of *Le Lac des Cygnes*. Seldom have I come across such self-possessed creatures. The way they believed in themselves was refreshing in these atheistic days when so many believe in no God at all.

A rehearsal was in full swing. So intense was the concentration on ballet technique that the incidence of sex was completely unimportant. I wandered in the darkened castle grounds devised by Leslie Hurry. Somewhere in the background a carpenter was at work. I could hear feet pattering on stone steps. A pianist thumped out the strains of the Mazurka. A slender, sylph-like girl unbuttoned her skirt, shook it off, and joined several other faun-like creatures . . . they danced as if they had been blown together by the music.

I learnt several things. For instance, the use of the word " Darling." As far as I could make out, it was merely a colloquial form of address used when speaking to a person of the opposite sex whose name you could not at the moment recall. I was intrigued by the ballet-dancer who had her head in the clouds and feet in the box-office. I liked the modest type, the wench who had mastered the gentle art of enhancing her charm by pretending not to be aware of it. I wandered about the theatre at times when a stranger should not have been present. An official stopped and asked, " Whom are you ? "—a delightful grammatical inflection *en rapport* with the exactness of the ballet form.

The scene in the foyer when the public were admitted provided light relief. I came to the conclusion that few women are as well-shaped as a good horse. There was the inevitable female with too much rouge and insufficient clothes—always a sign of desperation—accompanied by a male who needed a hair-cut so badly that he looked like a chrysanthemum. The chatter of a girl near me suggested that her mind needed an uplift—having shifted her brain into neutral, she was just letting her tongue idle on. Several women wore peculiar frameworks of clothes, with nothing of any consequence inside them. There was cynicism galore. Most of it was intellectual dandyism.

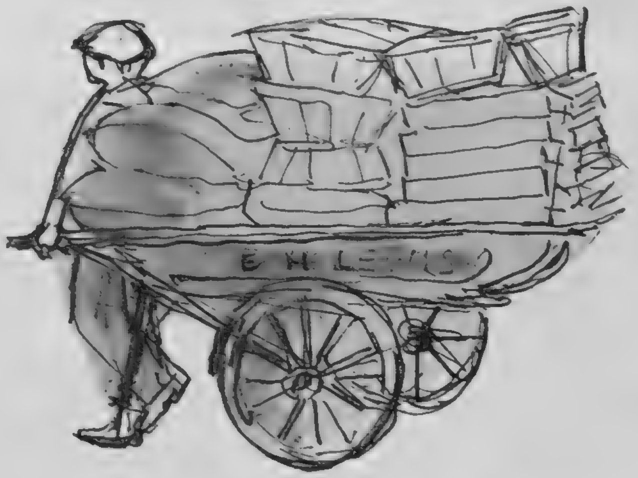
A bell summoned us. The scarlet stalls and boxes were filling. Every tier of the sweeping amphitheatre was packed. The lights faded like dying glow-worms. The curve of a woman's shoulder looked momentarily like ivory. The orchestra snatched at a few stray notes. Applause greeted the conductor. He bowed . . . tapped the stand with his baton. The theatre welled to the music of Tchaikovsky . . . familiar chords . . . then slowly the huge curtains parted . . . and delicate wraiths of grace floated across the stage. It was a visual interpretation of a musical emotion. Music and ballet became fused in an inarticulate, unfathomable speech which led us to the edge of the infinite and allowed us for moments to gaze into that. Ballet became the ectoplasm of music. We followed the romance of Odette and Siegfried until the final voyage through the waters of the lake to the world of eternal happiness.

I came away feeling sad that in England it is considered a little unwholesome to think of things æsthetically.

The bustle that is Covent Garden ; men at work in the Market . . .

The bawling of the busy porters outside the Opera House provides an earthy contrast to the more ethereal " music " within.

. . . and ladies in waiting at the Royal Opera House.



Covent Garden workers are early birds—their day's work is often half-completed while most of London sleeps.

The Market as the visitor remembers it—porters balancing colourful trays and baskets on their heads, customers clutching great bunches of flowers.

This happy family party includes the Brazilian Ambassador and Senhora Gracie, the eldest and youngest daughters, and the sons of the second daughter, Miriam, now Senhora Merry del Val. *L. to r.:* Veronica, Alfonso, Elizabeth, His Excellency Senhor Gracie, Rafael, Senhora Gracie and Domingo.

Collections of ivory and jade make the Brazilian Embassy of interest to student and amateur alike. The Ambassadress is standing beside a favourite cabinet containing her heirlooms.

The World's Envoys to the Court of Queen Elizabeth

8.—SENHOR SAMUEL DE SOUZA LEÃO GRACIE

(Ambassador from Brazil)

PROGRESS in the traditional career of his country has brought His Excellency Senhor Samuel de Souza Leão Gracie, C.B.E., to the Mecca of diplomacy as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from the Republic of the United States of Brazil.

The appointment would have delighted the Dumfries financier, George Gracie, who emigrated over a century ago to become the first foreign director of the Bank of Brazil—for his great-grandson is now the head of an important mission, with a truly superb residence in Mount Street and an equally superb chancellery in Green Street.

In 1913, after graduating in law at the age of twenty-one, Senhor Gracie served seven years in the Foreign Office and then went to Paraguay as First Secretary, and in 1923 was transferred to Washington as Counsellor. In 1926 he came to London and for four happy years he was Counsellor to Senhor Regis de Oliveira. From there he went to Rio de Janeiro, where he served as Attaché to the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor) and the Duke of Kent, who were visiting the Republic. Promotion came soon—headship of his first mission, in Bolivia, during the Chaco war between Bolivia and Paraguay. In 1934 he returned to Brazil, as Director-General of Archives, afterwards being sent as Minister to Austria and then Hungary, under Admiral Horthy.

In 1938 he stood and watched Hitler driving through the streets of Vienna; then to Sweden, the Embassy in Chile, and the Under-Secretaryship of the Foreign Office. In 1946 Senhor Gracie was acting Foreign Minister, negotiating major international treaties, including the air agreement with Great Britain, to which he was the signatory for Brazil.

The next five years were spent in Lisbon, where the envoy met the Premier, Dr. Salazar; ex-King Carol and his Princess (the photographs of the de Laszlo portraits in Mount Street show what a lovely woman she was); ex-King Umberto of Italy; Admiral Horthy again and the other exiles and Pretenders to the thrones of France, Spain and Portugal.

As Chargé d'Affaires in Washington in 1924, Senhor Gracie signed—with the representatives of Columbia and Peru, under the auspices of the United States Government—the *procès-verbal* stipulating the basis for the definitive solution of the century-old territorial dispute between the three countries.

The Ambassador, who enjoys a round of golf, is fond of the theatre, the lighter plays, likes to read political reminiscences, and surrounds himself with pictures of good friends in his career and by treatises on genealogy.

His work in improving Anglo-Brazilian trade will be a monument to the successful and notable career of a man of exceptional charm.

Senhorina Elizabeth Gracie, the youngest daughter, is seen here beneath a portrait of her by a fellow art student in Lisbon. Senhorina Gracie herself studied art under Professor Leopoldo de Almeida.

Senhora Gracie (*centre*) and her two daughters in the main drawing-room, where receptions are held. Photographs on the piano include President Eisenhower ; the Prime Minister of Portugal and the Cardinal Patriarch of Portugal.

The portrait by Viennot (1848) of George Gracie, the Dumfries banker who made his name in Brazil at the beginning of the nineteenth century, is one of several lovely pictures in the imposing salons in Mount Street.

The Ambassador gives way to the three " rulers " of No. 54, Mount Street—his grandsons from Chile, *l. to r.*, Domingo (ten), Alfonso (eight) and Rafael (seven). Domingo wonders why the Embassy is not situated on the Coronation route.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

VAUDEVILLE GOLF

THE first round of the Amateur Golf Championship at Hoylake looks as if it is going to be enlivened by the ephemeral appearance of Bing Crosby. As is to be expected in these days of film-fans and bobby-soxers, a large proportion of the gallery that will follow his play will know little or nothing about the etiquette of the links. They will come in their hundreds to see and hear Bing Crosby—the pert typist from New Brighton . . . the matron of semi-leisure from West Kirby . . . the housemaid who guards the respectability of Meols Drive . . . a cross-section of the thousands who crowd the Pier Head for ferry transport to the dormitories of Liverpool . . . maybe even one or two of the faded ladies of Lime Street. Details like high heels and greens will be brushed aside.

Admittedly such incidents are regrettable, but it is questionable whether a competitor should be blamed for the bad taste of the spectators. Several sports writers have thought fit to question the right of individuals such as Bing Crosby to enter the championship at all. The charge would appear to be that theatrical entertainment was being infused into a solemn occasion.

No doubt they mean well. On the other hand, such criticism is both illogical and impertinent. The basis of entry for the Amateur Championship is that of golfing skill of the amateur species. Unless the conditions are misleading, no mention is made of trade, profession or vocation. We do not blackball lawyers, mechanics, or the few not gainfully employed. Parsons are not segregated into C. of E. and O.D. The likes and dislikes of the Championship Committee are irrelevant.

Adverse comment has come from certain quarters that entries like Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Donald Peers are merely stunts aiming at publicity. As an impartial onlooker, I beg to differ. No one could take their game more seriously than Crosby. His short appearance at St. Andrews a few seasons ago was in perfectly good taste.

I admit that Bob Hope at Porthcawl laid himself open to comment through a tendency to wisecrack for the benefit of the gallery. But that is no new feature with American visitors. Before the war a large section of the crowd followed Walter Hagen to listen rather than watch golf shots. The American Ryder Cup player Jimmy Demaret was hardly serious during his last visit, whilst our own Max Faulkner has his lighter moods.

If we keep our sense of proportion, the obvious retort is "And why not?" Golf is merely a game, be it championship or week-end round. If a player insists on regarding it as such, instead of puffing himself up with false importance, why should we criticise? Max Beerbohm's observation applies to many golf officials: "My temperament was conservative even in my youth. My mind, moreover, was ossified years ago. I abominate all alterations."

Publicity stunts and cheap behaviour should be discouraged. On the other hand, they must not be mistaken for cheerful enthusiasm. So far, women's golf seems to have escaped. If the present tendency continues we may yet see Dorothy Lamour in a sarong on the first tee. Having seen what can appear in women's championships, there may be some who will vote for the change.

Longevity—One of the More Dubious Rewards of Virtue

Thomas Carlyle once said that you can prove anything by figures. He should have met Professor Lehman. This learned gentleman has gone to town in a big way. He has published in *The American Journal of Psychology* a thesis entitled "Chronological Age versus Proficiency in Physical Skills." The survey is comprehensible. Glancing down the list of those included, everybody appears to be present—amateur and professional golfers, professional fighters, baseball players, professional football players, tennis players, and many others. Analysis of Professor Lehman's findings might well persuade border-line veterans in all these sports to retire earlier than they intended.

The Professor's statistics indicate that athletes have something to worry about on the score of age. The following are a few age divisions at which various athletes are at their best:

In the Olympic Games:

Women swimmers	17–21
Men swimmers	20–24
Boxing	19–22
Races up to 5000 metres	21–24
Figure skating	23–27
Bob-sledding	30–34
Equestrian events	32–36

The following are a few peak age years for various athletes:

Baseball players (not including pitchers)	28
Pitchers	27
Batting champions	26–29
Most valuable player	26–29
World's heavyweight champions	26–30
Amateur tennis champions	25–29
Professional ice-hockey players	24–28
Professional football players	23–27
Amateur golf champions	25–29
Open golf champions	27–31
Professional champions	30–34

The scientific conclusions drawn from these statistics are the obvious ones. There is no satisfactory substitute for youthful proficiency in physical skills. Lord Beveridge provides a comforting postscript when he said that people age at very different ages. Some people are born about 65 years old and ready to retire, and some people stay 21 until they are 90.

EAST MOLESEY'S TWELFTH MAN

Pat fields on the boundary waiting for the big hit.

A six! . . . and off he goes to the river.

Lost Ball? No, not on your life!

But, of course, delivery only to the master.

The "twelfth man" of the East Molesey Cricket Club is the world-famous, non-pedigree Irish terrier Pat, and when Mr. B. M. Turner, president of the Club, was in Australia clinching arrangements for the recent match against the Tourists, played before the Duke of Edinburgh, he was frequently met with cries of "Tell us more about the dog that plays cricket."

Pat's master is vice-president Vic. Stevens, who has been a member of the East Molesey Club for fifty years. At all big matches, Pat squats at his master's feet near the boundary. His eye is never off the ball . . . and when at last a lofty drive does top the tall elms on the towpath, he races through the wicket gate and dives into the Thames off Tagg's Island, retrieves the ball and, as a good "one-man" dog, scurries back, wet and happy, to deliver it to his master.

Twelve-year-old Pat has over 500 rescued cricket balls to his credit . . . and a new ball costs the Club thirty-five shillings. So that it wasn't really surprising that the Club honoured Pat at the last annual dinner and presented him with a medallion "for meritorious service."

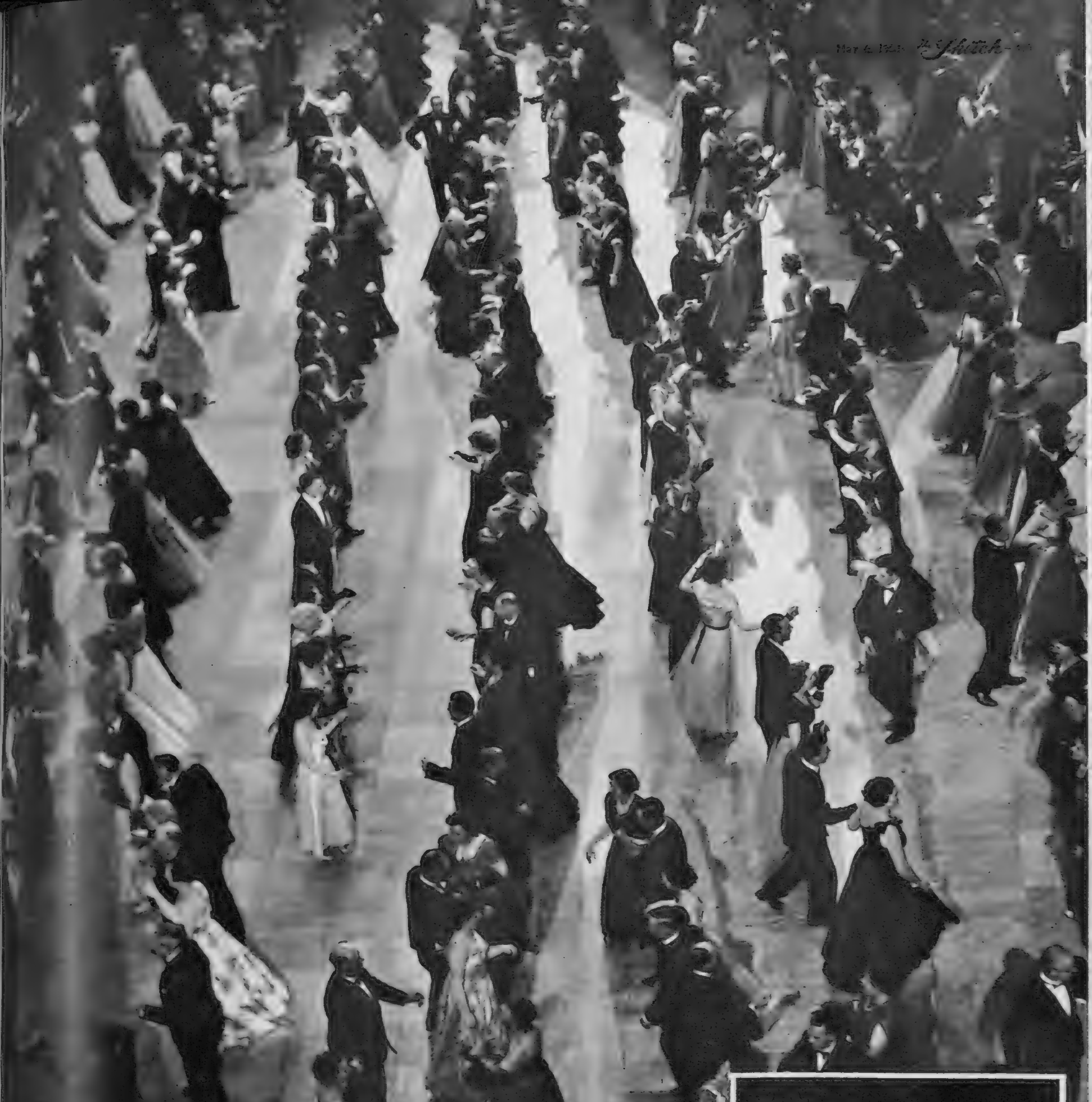
The Amateur Status Problem

The interpretation of amateur status in sport is extremely unsatisfactory in this country. Only a purblind purist can look with equanimity upon the existing set-up. Anyone closely associated with sport must be aware of deliberate infringements of the amateur status. The extraordinary feature about some of these sham-amateurs is that their activities are carried on under the noses of officialdom.

If a man or woman wants to make money through sport, then be honest and straightforward from the outset. If ability matches appetite he or she can make the grade as a professional. This ruling applies to every individual who toys with sham-amateur practices. Sharp practice is undesirable in sport. I have no room for the spiv in sporting guise.

This brings me to the wider question of officialdom's reaction to these infringements. In any state of society where legal supervision and vigilance are slack, there is bound to be an increase in law-breaking. It would be interesting to learn how many cases have been handled since the war by the principal sports officials on this question of amateur status infringement.

It may be that the number is considerable, in which case we have legislation and control by stealth. No doubt such an attitude is tidy, but it can be deceptive. In the absence of proof to the contrary, the average sportsman must be forgiven if he feels that officialdom is deliberately turning a blind eye to offenders because it might be inconvenient or unpopular to be otherwise. The answer lies with officialdom to ensure that the amateur status is not a mockery.



OLD-TIME DANCING

Saturday, April 25th, saw a great gathering of old-time dancing enthusiasts at the Empress Hall, when 5000 people from all over the country went there for the ninth Ball of the Year organised by Sydney and Mary Thompson (*right*), who each fortnight run the popular B.B.C. feature *Take Your Partners*. From village hall to Buckingham Palace the old-time style has been gaining great popularity—the late King's favourite was the Veleta; our new young Queen likes the steps of the Dashing White Sergeant and the Polka; the Duke of Edinburgh enjoys the St. Bernard's Waltz; Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has no special favourites but enjoys them all. And, as though to underline the Royal interest in these dances, the Thompsons' new television dance, "A Waltz for the Queen," specially composed for Coronation Year, was performed during the course of the evening.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

Sketch Cinema Preview :

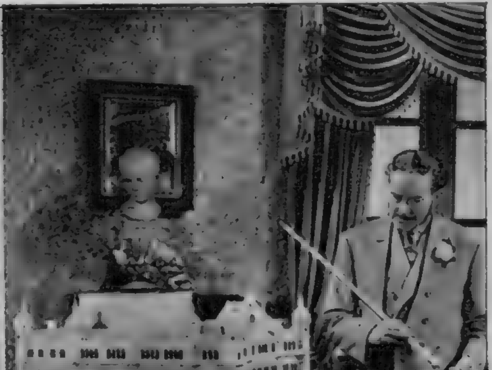
GILBERT and SULLIVAN

In a scene from the film *Gilbert and Sullivan*, the young Arthur Sullivan (Maurice Evans) conducts the orchestra on the opening night of *Trial by Jury*, their first successful opera.

This scene of Arthur Sullivan kneeling before Queen Victoria (Muriel Aked) to receive his knighthood in 1883 for "services to music" was shot against a remarkably good reproduction of the Royal Apartments at Windsor.

W. S. Gilbert (Robert Morley), the librettist, plans his production of *The Gondoliers*, one of the most successful results of his partnership with Sir Arthur Sullivan, on the model theatre in his study.

Gilbert and Sullivan (Robert Morley and Maurice Evans) take the curtain call on the highly successful first night of *The Gondoliers*—in the stance of the two gondolieri who become joint King of Barataria.



Left: "The earth does not contain the money that would pay me to put up with this sort of thing!" Richard D'Oyly Carte finally loses his temper with W. S. Gilbert. *Right:* Sir Arthur Sullivan sadly contemplates a model of the New Opera House built by D'Oyly Carte, one cause of the rift.

ON May 8th, after three years in preparation, the long-awaited London Film Productions' *Gilbert and Sullivan* is due to open at the Plaza, Piccadilly Circus. In 1950, when Sir Alexander Korda put the subject into the hands of writing-producing-directing team Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliatt, the greatest task facing them was the selection of material from the vast mass of biography and opera available. It was a formidable undertaking. Visions of the countless Gilbert and Sullivan fans who would watch, hawk-eyed, for the slightest deviation from the true story, must have worried Sidney Gilliatt, who wrote the screen play.

Obviously, the whole could not be encompassed, so some artistic licence had necessarily to be brought to bear on the subject. The result, though neither a biographical study nor a musical, gives a comprehensive picture of the famous partnership.

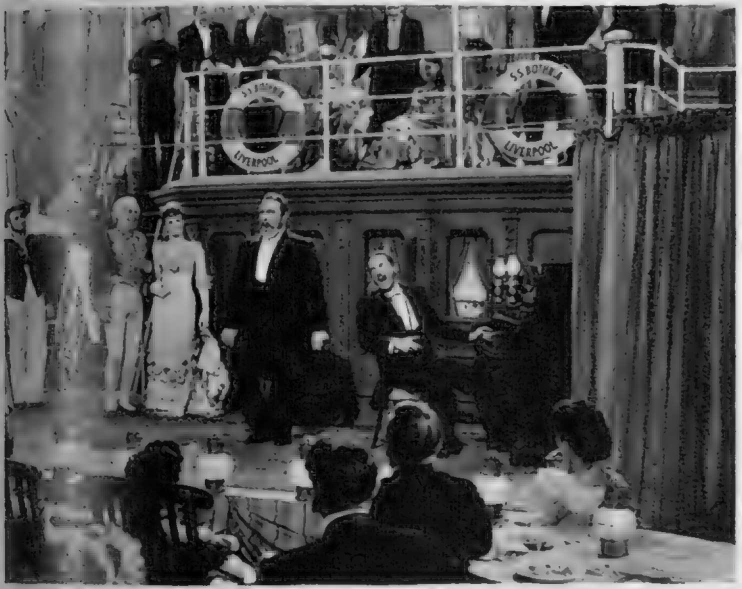
The film story embodies the incompatibility of Gilbert and Sullivan as men, as well as their complementary perfection as artists; Gilbert's mordaunt wit, both in private life and as a librettist; Sullivan's charm and sentimentality, both as a lover of life and as a musician torn between serious compositions and sparkling light opera music.

As for the operas themselves, they have

THE STORY OF A GREAT PARTNERSHIP

Surrounded by her family and retinue in another of these excellently-reproduced settings, Queen Victoria listens to a Command performance of the Savoy opera, *The Gondoliers*, in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle.

On the opening night at the Savoy Theatre, Richard D'Oyly Carte, manager of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, introduces the new electric lamp to the theatre public.



Travelling to America with Richard D'Oyly Carte and his company, the famous team entertain fellow-passengers with a song from *The Pirates of Penzance*, which is to have its first night in New York.

At the company's annual outing, while the opera singers raise their glasses in a toast, the partners quarrel, to the consternation of Mrs. "Kitten" Gilbert and Richard and Helen D'Oyly Carte.

been filmed only where they bore a definite relation to the story, and they weave a bright contrasting thread throughout the film. The most interesting incidents from twenty-five years of stormy partnership have been used, and no one will blame the producers for the few cases where they have telescoped certain periods in order to emphasize an exciting point in the story, or present an opera to its best advantage.

Musical direction of the excerpts from eight operas which occupy nearly half of the screen time was in the hands of Sir Malcolm Sargent, who conducted the London Symphony Orchestra to accompany the well-known singers who recorded songs for the film. Principal rôles are played by Robert Morley as W. S. Gilbert, Maurice Evans as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Eileen Herlie as Helen D'Oyly Carte, Peter Finch as Richard D'Oyly Carte, Isabel Dean as Mrs. Gilbert and Dinah Sheridan as Sullivan's fiancée.

In depicting the many colourful characters who surrounded Gilbert and Sullivan in their private and public life, the film holds a mirror to the opulent era of late-Victorian England, during which the partners rose to fame and fortune—and now in 1953 we find that *Gilbert and Sullivan* have lost none of their ability to entertain us.

W. S. Gilbert and Richard and Helen D'Oyly Carte (Eileen Herlie) awaiting Sir Arthur Sullivan backstage at the Savoy Theatre, to celebrate the reconciliation between Gilbert and Sullivan, and the opening of *The Yeomen of the Guard*: the three operatic partners plan to take a curtain-call from three bath-chairs.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Peter Pan

(Leicester Square Theatre)

WALT DISNEY'S *Peter Pan* can hardly be said to have had an ecstatic London press. This is not altogether surprising, in view of the fact that Sir J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*, a very different affair, has been for nearly half a century as regular and beloved an annual London visitor as Father Christmas.

I can't help feeling, though, that the film may have had a bit of a harsh deal. It must be remembered that Disney made it, primarily, for the millions of picturegoers, all over the world, who are not familiar with the Barrie play. For them he has produced a lively cartoon in the modern manner to which they are accustomed; less good than his best work, very much better than his worst.

The drawing is sometimes crude, in a comic-strip fashion (Mr. Darling struck me as utterly repellent); but the animation is remarkably smooth, and the flying sequences are really fascinating. There is an appealing Nana (obviously a close relation of Pluto's), and a delightfully-observed small boy in Michael. It is just permissible, I suppose, although not exactly edifying, to think of Peter Pan as a sort of juvenile delinquent, and the Lost Boys as a gang of Dead End Kids. As for the much-disputed Tinker Bell, it is only fair to recall that Barrie himself established her as a creature of feminine impulses, capable of being jealous of Wendy; and I can clearly remember, as a small child, actually *seeing* her as a tiny figure in her miniature bedroom in the house under the ground (I can only suppose it was done with mirrors).

In all honesty I must admit that the children in the audience seem to revel in the picture, crudities and noise and everything. Perhaps those of us who have grown up with *Peter Pan* and loved it dearly, were wiser to keep quiet and content ourselves with memories. Particularly as there is one of Disney's truly magnificent bird, insect and animal films in the same programme called *Nature's Half-Acre*, which most people can utterly enjoy.

Niagara

(Plaza)

IT is hard to say which is the more sensational item in this Technicolor melodrama—Niagara Falls or Marilyn Monroe. The Falls are wonderful, of course, and we get an impressive sightseeing tour of them for our money. But Miss Monroe, the "incandescent blonde," is pretty wonderful too.

One of the most wonderful things about her is the way she walks: on teetering heels, in figure-moulding skirts, with a controlled list to port and starboard that would do credit to any trim craft in a storm. Another wonderful thing about her is the way she sings. She does this with her head thrown back, eyes closed, lips parted and teeth tightly clenched. What she sings is a number called *Kiss*. "There isn't any other song," she says. Never mind, *Kiss* will do quite well enough to be going on with.

Miss Monroe appears as an ex-waitress from a Duluth beer-hall, who is busy betraying her husband (Joseph Cotten), a neurotic veteran sent home from Korea suffering from battle fatigue. Mr. Cotten suspects this, which makes him moody, and sends him out to look at the Falls at five o'clock in the morning. What he doesn't suspect—not at first, anyway—is that his wife and her lover are planning to murder him in the Scenic Tunnel under Niagara's Horseshoe Falls. The signal that the deed has been done is to be given by the bells of the Carillon Tower playing—guess what? (There is a box in the Tower with the legend "Musical Requests—Drop Here.")

Drawn by Peter Arno. Courtesy: Robert Hale.

"One chicken on white . . . one tomato salad . . . and come out of the kitchen if you want to see something."

Mr. Cotten, however, cottons on to the plot in time, and when the bells do eventually play *Kiss*, the body under the sheet in the mortuary isn't his body.

The rest of the film is as wild as an old Pearl White serial, though far more handsomely photographed. A second death by violence follows the first. The hunt for the murderer is up. The U.S. and Canadian River Police come out in force. (Niagara is on the frontier, as you know.) An innocent young woman (Jean Peters), visiting there with her husband on a belated honeymoon, is saved in the nick of time by helicopter from being carried over the Falls in a 12-knot drift. Preposterous? Of course it is. But it's a *moving* picture right enough. And nobody can say, in the last instance, that *Niagara* wastes Niagara.

The Desert Rats

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

JAMES MASON, who played the German Field Marshal in *Rommel—Desert Fox*, reappears briefly but effectively in his old part, in a film which puts the Fox among the Rats.

The picture deals with the 242-day defence of Tobruk, mainly by Australian troops, against Rommel's tanks, Rommel's guns, and Rommel's strategy. I am not qualified to say whether the facts are accurate; but the military operations certainly *appear* to be convincing; and I feel we should at least credit Hollywood with generosity in its tribute to British achievement, in a field of war in which the Americans were not involved.

No women appear in *The Desert Rats*, and there is very little personal story. What there is, deals with the efforts of a tough English (or Scottish) infantry captain, weakened by desert fighting, to make good soldiers out of largely green Australian troops, who resent his disciplinary measures. Not, basically, a new plot, as you can see, but Richard Burton makes the captain such a genuine and credible person, that the old situation takes on a fresh interest. The short scene in a German field-dressing station, where the British officer, captured and wounded, meets the wounded Rommel, provides a fine exchange between two strong characters and two good actors, and is in itself almost worth the price of admission. There is good work, too, from Robert Douglas, as the General in command of Tobruk's defences, and Australia's Chips Rafferty. I thought the part of the philosophic drunken schoolmaster, who taught the captain in his boyhood, was a bit of a phoney, but Robert Newton does all he can with it, and it is clear the captain has to have *somebody* from his own world to talk to. The background music, by the way, gives us no chance to forget we are dealing with Australians. It does sometimes play something other than *Waltzing Matilda*, but not very often, and not for long.

The Diary of a Country Priest

(Curzon)

THIS painful but strangely moving French film provides the sensitive spectator with an experience he will not quickly forget. It is not an experience to be courted lightly.

The Diary of a Country Priest has been directed by Robert Bresson from a modern French classic. It describes, without any concession to sentiment, any relaxing of its stark austerity, the spiritual and physical agonies of a young priest, who is given the cure of a hostile parish, while an incurable disease is ravaging his own body. Before the end, after infinite suffering, he manages to save two souls, and dies happy, having found grace in the acceptance of loneliness, injustice and pain.

The acting is superb. It is almost impossible to believe that Claude Laydu, who plays the leading rôle, has never appeared in any film before. Before shooting began, he spent weeks in the company of country priests, studying their problems, their gestures, their mannerisms, their speech. He dieted strictly to get the required look of emaciation, and lived in clerical clothes. "The whole picture," he says, "was shot on location in the actual places described in the book" (a village in the north of France), "and I found in every step the brooding atmosphere . . . the penetrating sadness of the plains under rain, and the washed-out sky. The little country priest took shape in his own parish like a little black insect lost under that vast sky. A priest made a gift to me of his old cassock, and another gave me his cape, and as for my shoes—those were a soldier's, the same as the peasants of the north wear." The affection of Laydu's words gives some idea of the love and understanding that have gone into the part, and the sensibility of the man who plays it. A wonderful performance, in a brave and beautiful film.

Reception committee members Mr. William Munro (*left*) and Mr. Andrew Smith line up with Charities Queen Miss Vivian Inglis to receive the guests: Miss Anne Cruickshank, Lord Provost Sir James Miller and Lady Miller, and Lieut.-General Sir Colin Barber.

Mr. Bryan Mann (*left*), Miss Anne Alexander, Miss Catherine Sherriff and Mr. Charles Cairns made a very colourful group as they chatted together between dances.

"Geisha Girls" of the "Varsity Vanities" revue, who entertained guests with an amusing cabaret were, *l. to r.*, students Vena Duncan, Margaret Newbigging, Jess Stewart and Jean Wallace.

Mr. William Munro (*left*), Miss Catherine Donaldson, Miss Margaret Meikle, President of Edinburgh University Women's Union, and Mr. David Sutherland.

This happy group contains, *l. to r.*, Mr. James Bain, Miss Florence Gilchrist, Miss Maimie Dinwiddie, Mr. Kevin Connolly and Miss Mina Storrar.

EDINBURGH STUDENTS' BALL

Highlight of the Edinburgh Students' annual Charities Week was the Ball held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on April 21st. Guests included the Lord and Lady Provost, Sir James and Lady Miller, and Lieut.-General Sir Colin M. Barber, G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command. A kilted affair is always a gay one, and the abundance of tartans, the lovely dresses and the pretty costumes of the cabaret, made the Ball a colourful occasion.

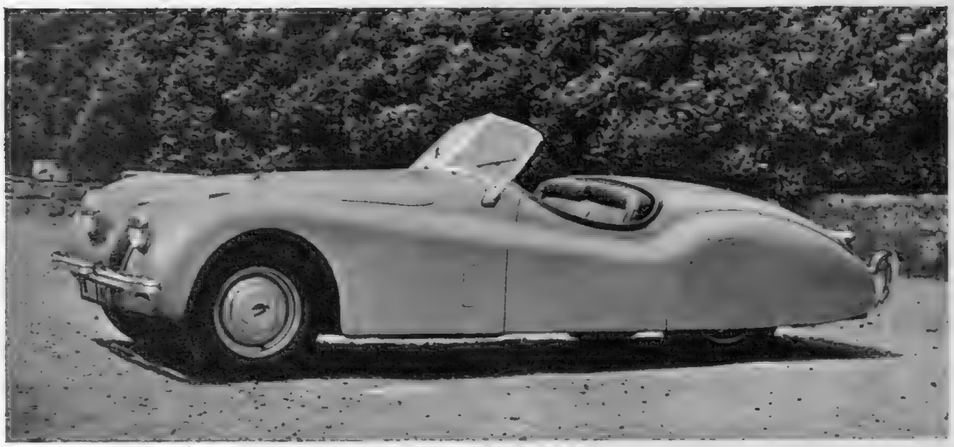
Photographed by Fraser Menzies.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

Coronation Year Models Under Test

4—THE JAGUAR XK-120



The Jaguar 3½-litre XK–120 reviewed by our contributor on this page.

THE Jaguar Sports Car, known as the XK–120, is altogether a remarkable car, not least in its value for money. I have been able to try the car in two forms; the standard open two-seater sports and the Special Equipment model. There is no question, in my mind, after this exhilarating experience as to why this car is so popular with the lovers of sports cars, both in this country and overseas, notably in the U.S.A. The road performance of the standard model is most attractive, and while one can indulge in any amount of really fast motoring, she is as docile as a lamb for more normal use in busy roads and traffic, even in the West End of London.

The pleasing lines of the car are too well known to warrant description here, so I will leave the photograph to speak for itself. Visibility is, naturally, first rate. Seating is comfortable, but of course, really restricted to two people. There is a perfectly adequate storage space for luggage and other equipment, and the general finish is in line with the standard one expects from Jaguar. The leather upholstery and thick carpet on the floor make for comfort, which many people don't normally associate with a sports car. I like the finish of the instrument panel in leather hide to match. It would be useless to finish this in polished wood owing to exposure to weather when the car is used with the hood stowed away.

To travel at very high speeds on the roads in this country is not easy, because of the amount of traffic, and the lack of really long straights without side turnings from which a potential menace may appear at any moment, but nevertheless I was able to enjoy driving at over the 100 mark on several occasions. I did not really approach the maximum of the standard model, which is in the region of 120 m.p.h., but enjoyed the feeling that there was still more there had the opportunity presented itself. People often question the use of such a car when road conditions in this country are usually unfavourable and I can reply at once that there are countless times when speeds of 90 m.p.h. or so are possible and safe. And the fact that there is an ample speed above that available adds to the safety and comfort of high-speed motoring. The brakes were quite up to this fast running and never gave me a moment's concern, and the steering, too, enabled me to feel secure. Cornering is, as you would expect, good, and this applies both in town and in country. Close traffic work is light and easy enough for anyone.

The suspension is right for fast driving; that is to say, it is firm and not too light. This is a "must" on a sports car, and yet here I must also say there is not that feeling of over-solidity which one might expect when merely touring around at moderate speeds. They seem to have achieved an admirable compromise on the XK–120.

I kept a pretty close watch on petrol consumption and while, of course, it is possible to get a wide variation according to style of driving, I would put the consumption on the standard job at about 19 to the gallon, all in. And that is pretty good for a 3½-litre engine when using the performance capability to a considerable extent.

THE Special Equipment model, which I tried out for some days a while after the standard version, is indeed quite a motor-car. The special equipment, which can be had at a cost of about £135 above the standard price (still plus P.T.), consists of special cam-shafts for the engine with high-lift cams, lightened flywheel, dual exhaust system and stiffer suspension. There are also special brake drums and wire wheels with knock-on hubs, and some other details, like racing springs. This is the conversion for competition work, although still not converting the car to the racing version known as the Type "C." I suppose it is reasonable to say it is half way towards it. But the maximum speed is now up to something over 140 m.p.h., with a proportionate increase in acceleration and so forth. I took this car over in London and had some feeling that I might find it tricky in dense traffic. But no, such was not the case. I found I could amble along as low as 12 to 15 miles per hour in top gear with no trouble at all. So the term "top gear car" can really be applied here.

An account of my journeys with this car would really only be a story of fast runs in pleasing spring weather, and a description of the joys of open-car motoring. Let it merely be said that I could indulge in real speed or gentle ambling with equal facility. And even when really using the capability of the car I worked out petrol consumption to be in the region of 14 miles per gallon.

The number of records held by these XK–120 Jaguars and the notable number of rally wins in the hands of people like Ian Appleyard speak as loudly for the cars as anything I can add. From the ordinary user's point of view, I would say that for anyone who is happy with a two-seater (ruling out us family men, unless we are two-car men), the XK–120 offers, for a quite surprisingly low cost, a car that will be happy driven fast or slow or medium and with reasonable economy of operation. It does not call for any extra skill in driving to be quite at home with it for normal purposes, and the controls are light and comfortable to operate and no one will take offence if I say it could be a pleasing lady's car, which is intended as a compliment.

This and That

AS these notes appear, Tulip Time should be at its height in Lincolnshire, and the R.A.C. have produced a map giving an admirable route to see the blooms around Spalding. This is a sight well worth a visit, and those who wish can obtain the map either from the R.A.C., in Pall Mall, or from their North Midlands office in Nottingham. It is printed in a pamphlet issued by the Spalding Tulip Time Committee, which gives other useful information. I think the tulips there offer a variety of colour and attraction better than anywhere else and a good many of the fields are open for inspection at close quarters.

* * *

Another R.A.C. publication just issued is the official Competition Fixture List for 1953. I gather this is rather late this year, because of the vast number of events that have had to be fitted in, so dates have had to be changed to avoid serious clashes. However, the list can be obtained from the R.A.C., in Pall Mall, S.W.1, and it makes interesting reading. If anyone doubts the boom in motor sport, let them study this in detail. But useful it is, too, enabling those interested to see all kinds of motoring events all over the country which they would otherwise not perhaps know about.

* * *

Having made up my mind to get a fill-up of a certain brand of petrol recently as I set out on a 120-mile trip along A-class roads all the way, I made an interesting discovery. Would you think it possible to cover over twenty-five miles on busy and much-used A-class roads without finding the petrol you wanted? No. . . . Nor would I until now. And the brand I wanted was one of the most famous, too. I shall make further checks like this to pass away long journeys. But it does raise an interesting problem allied to the linking of the petrol stations to the petrol companies and the desire to use a specific brand.

I am told that the sale of the premium grades is proving very good and that the companies are well pleased with the proportion of premium to lower grade being demanded. All we want now to make us all happy is a cut in price and no more fiddling with farthings. And one must comment on the lack of sympathy for road users of all kinds shown by an otherwise quite worthy Chancellor of the Exchequer. I should have thought the petrol tax could have been reduced when so much petrol is used for essential transport and so little for pure pleasure.

* * *

What zest is applied to the meetings run by the Aston Martin Owners' Club at Snetterton, in Norfolk! They seem to attract a grand entry list and the circuit itself is a good one. The owners are developing it well, and now it is to be the scene of the events run by the enthusiastic West Essex Car Club and some motor-cycle meetings too, it should have a good season. I can certainly recommend a visit. The drivers, too, tell me they like the circuit because of its variety.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

Hats are gay this summer. There is a charm about them and a prettiness that spell mid-summer enchantment. There is no specific line—the colours are various, also the materials—but there are lots of flowers, feathers, ribbon and veiling, gilded straw and jewel-trimmings. You can choose a hat for any mood—if the mood be feminine and gay.

★

Mysteriously veiled in pale grey, misted with mauve, with sprightly little feather birds on the satin crown, and clasping the veiling to the shoulder. A hat for Ascot, if the day is not too windy, from Erik, Brook Street.

THIS BUSINESS OF HATS . . .

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Studio Hanover.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

A charming little perched and curved hat, in white edged with yellow and white cowslips, with a black velvet ribbon at the back. By Vernier, George Street.

A dream of a hat for Ascot, with a frothy, forward-moving brim, made of layers of the same ivory net which covers the crown. By Rudolf, Grosvenor Hill.

This Business of Hats...

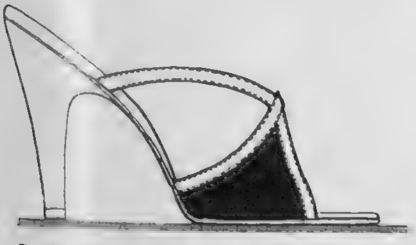
For more casual wear, and ideal with suits, a tailored straw hat in dark pink, with curving brim and stiffened ribbons. By Harvane, Carlos Place.

All fashion styles this year are elegant and feminine, and these are important points in this summer's shoe styling. Heels may be any height, but there is a tendency towards tapering and added slenderness. The peep-toe makes a comeback, cut wider to show the tips of more than one toe. Sandals have a lighter than ever look, the banded sandal with the bare-heel being charming and surprisingly comfortable. Kid is softly draped, plaiting is used for sandals, and there is great flexibility in all flat shoes. The range of colours is wider than ever before, and evening shoes attain real magnificence in gold and silver kid or rich velvets, highlighted with rhinestones.

As charmingly feminine as an old-fashioned bonnet is this tilting, raspberry-pink straw, with a rose peeping from behind. It comes from Edelle, Davies Street.

A large black hat always has extreme elegance. This coolie hat in black, plaited, shining straw is peaked and underlined in black velvet. At Simone Mirman, Chesham Place.

and the Choosing of Shoes



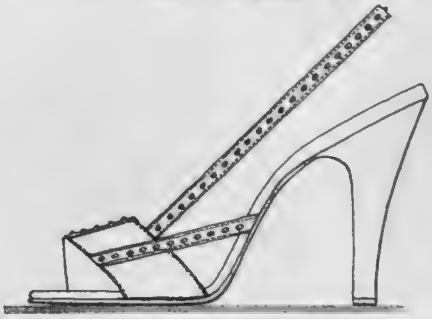
Red velvet and gold kid make this glamorous evening mule a perfect Coronation sandal. From Dolcis, Old Bond Street.

A cool but elegant pump in black or white suède and guipure lace, with a peep-toe and long slim lines. By Bective, from Harrods.

The versatile sandal, here in suède, with open-work braid edging and open toe. A " Skyline " model from all C. and J. Clark's stockists.

The classic court, plus extra elegance. Very slim, with tapered heel and scalloped edging. Hand-made by Lehany, from Lotus, New Bond Street.

A summery town shoe in rich shades of calf, with a halter back and peep-toe and the new slender heel. By I. Miller, from Lilley and Skinner.



A magnificent evening sandal most flattering to the foot, with asymmetric lines, slender heel and scintillating with rhinestones. By Delman, from Rayne.

(Specially drawn for " THE SKETCH " by Skjold.)

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

ELEGANT ECONOMY

Casually sophisticated, ideal for so many occasions, worn loose or belted with its long-tailed sash, this unlined coat in black faille is a summer essential. It can be worn as it is photographed, sleekly black with a contrasting hat; it can sweep back from one of this summer's gay printed dresses; or be superbly smart over a stark white dress. This versatile coat by Atrima, price only £8 15s., is found in Harrods' Budget Department; at McDonalds, Harrogate; William Small, Edinburgh; and Richard Jones, Chester. The flat, little natural straw hat, with its perky rose, black velvet ribbon and fine black veil, is a "Teen and Twenty" model by Aage Thaarup, price 99s. 6d., from the Marshall and Snelgrove shops.

MARSHALL
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SNELGROVE
ESTABLISHED
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SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

FURNISHINGS which can be washed have a particular appeal for people who live in cities. Recently, when the Spring sunshine made my flat look as if everything in it needed painting or washing instantly, I rather incautiously sponged a lampshade, which proceeded quietly to disintegrate in my hands. So I, for one, welcome the advent of lampshades with "loose covers" which can be easily removed, washed in a trice, replaced on the frame whilst wet and left to dry. Once you have bought your frame you can buy covers in different colours and materials to fit it; you can also buy various trimmings which can be used to alter the appearance of the shade at will.

* * *

I almost hesitate to draw your attention to plastic tiles such as I have been putting up in my kitchen. The danger is that they can become an obsession. They look so nice and they are so easy to fix that one just goes on buying half-a-dozen more as the temptation to add "just another row" is well-nigh irresistible. And, when I had at last filled in a black spot round the water-heater in the kitchen, I found myself thinking about the wall near the basin in the bathroom. . . . I have tried two different types of plastic tile, and those I like best are some thin ones which can be easily cut into different sizes to fit odd corners. The tiles are 6 ins. square and can be bought in several colours. A special adhesive is recommended for fixing them, and I have found that the small-size tin contains sufficient to stick eighteen tiles.

* * *

I've just been trying out two useful newcomers to the kitchen. One is a chromium-plated saw which will cut through the hardest soup bones, saw up poultry carcases, and slice up vegetables or frozen meat with the greatest of ease. The other is called a "pastry blender" and is made of a number of fine stainless steel wires which are attached to a comfortable handle. It makes the mixing of pastry or the creaming of sugar and butter child's play. Incidentally, it improves pie-crusts, as the dough is kept cold during the mixing. It can also be used for crushing fruit, mincing hard-boiled eggs, or what will you.

* * *

One of the most attractive and useful Coronation souvenirs that I have seen is an apron printed with a lion and unicorn design. It is made of a hard-wearing cream rayon-linen, the design being in a contrasting colour. I also saw delightful Coronation table mats and cushion covers made by the same fabric printers. The shop where I found these is really worth a visit, for it specialises in pottery which is made by hand on the premises. I saw gaily-painted cruet sets which I particularly liked, and single giant salt and pepper pots in glazed decorated ware which would add a distinctive touch to any dining-room table or kitchen shelf.

* * *

My tail-piece, appropriately named, is just the thing for those lucky enough to have seats (non-upholstered) on the Coronation route. It is a very comfortable covered cushion which folds into two; it has a handle and can be carried like a handbag and is about the same size.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

"Formashayd" loose cover lampshades: floor standard shades from 45s.; table standard shades and hanging pendant shades from 17s. 6d.; Pontings . . . "Muraplas" wall tiles: 10s. 8d. a dozen, or singly 1s. each; Barkers . . . Nutbrown Kitchen Saw: 2s. 11d.; Pastry Blender: 3s. 6d.; Selfridges . . . Coronation aprons: 16s. 6d.; cushion covers: 9s. 6d.; cruet sets: 15s. to 17s. 6d.; giant salt and pepper pots: 10s. 6d. each; Betty Hope, 19, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3 . . . Coronation stool cushion: 10s.; Civil Service Stores.

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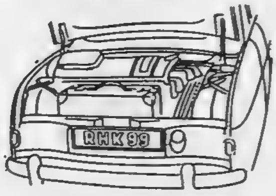
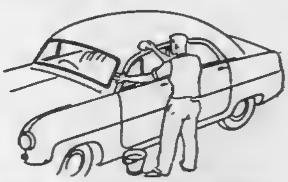
The SALES MANAGER buys a *Consul*

• 'OVER-SQUARE' O.H.V. ENGINE

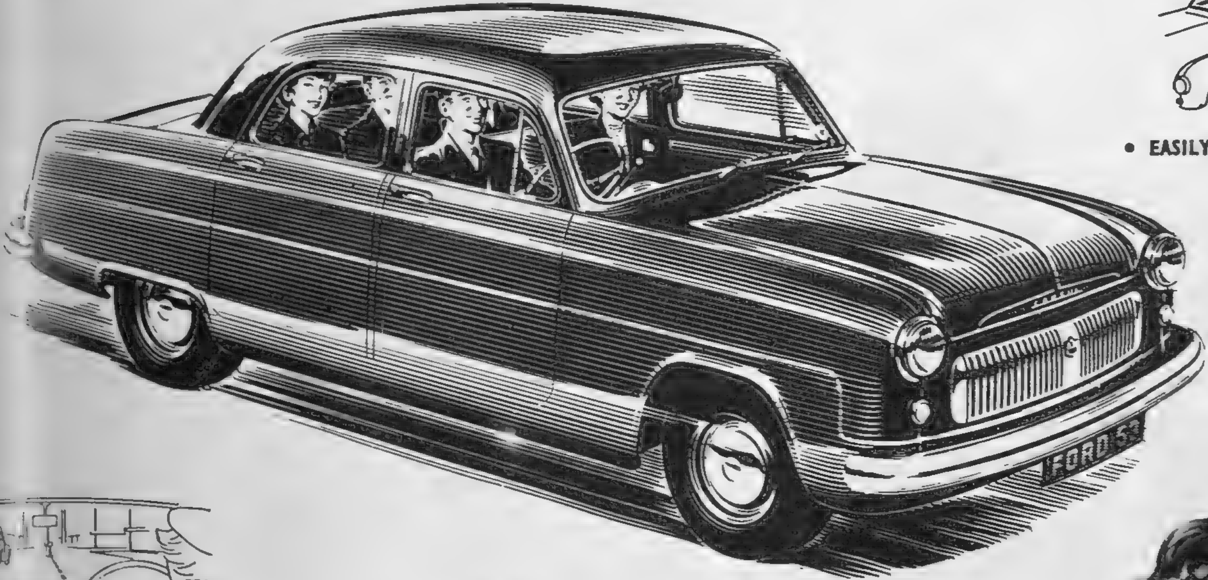


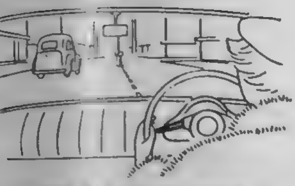
• 15 CU. FT. BOOT SPACE



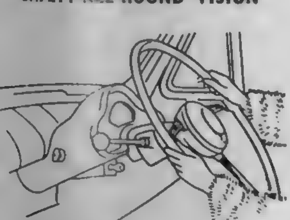
• EASILY CLEANED IN 20 MINS.

THIS CAR, he says, has road-holding and cornering qualities that take the tension out of driving at 70 m.p.h. It has a new suspension system so good that it reduces fatigue. And the 'over-square' o.h.v. engine, remarkably economical to run, has a low stroke/bore ratio that adds years to its life. He sums up: all these qualities, at this price, make the Consul a new — a higher — *class* of car!





• SAFETY-ALL-ROUND VISION



• FINGER-TIP GEAR CONTROL

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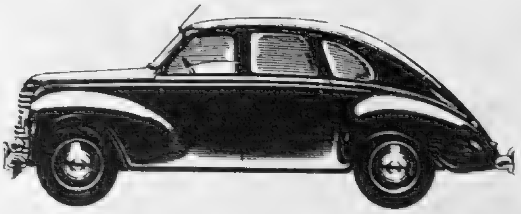

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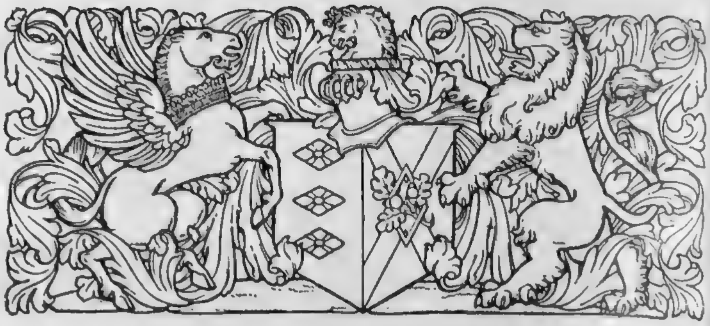

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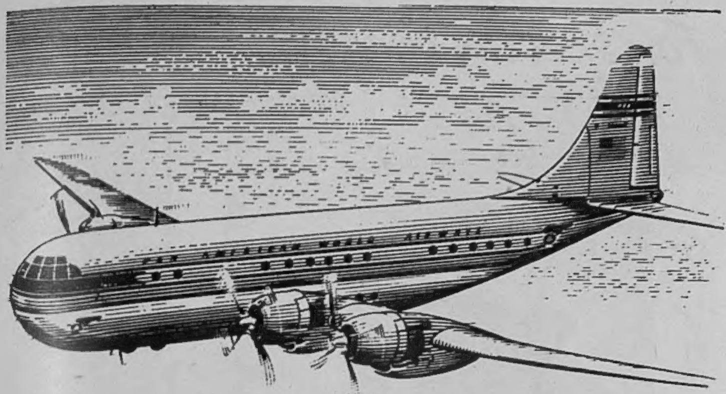

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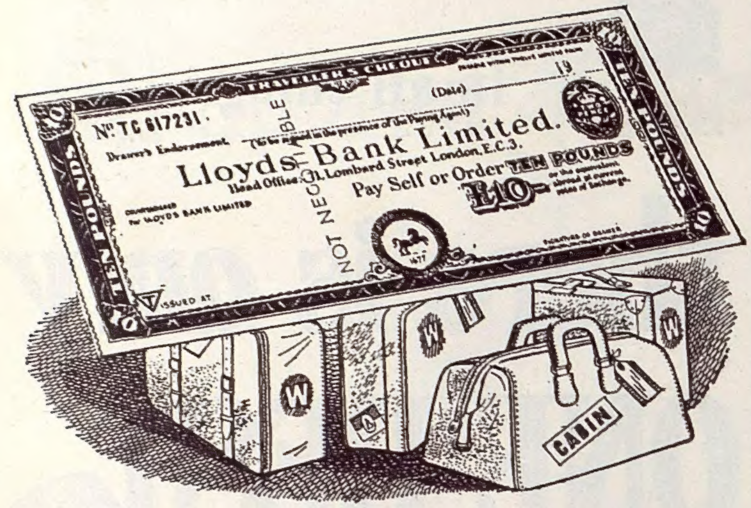

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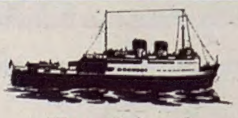

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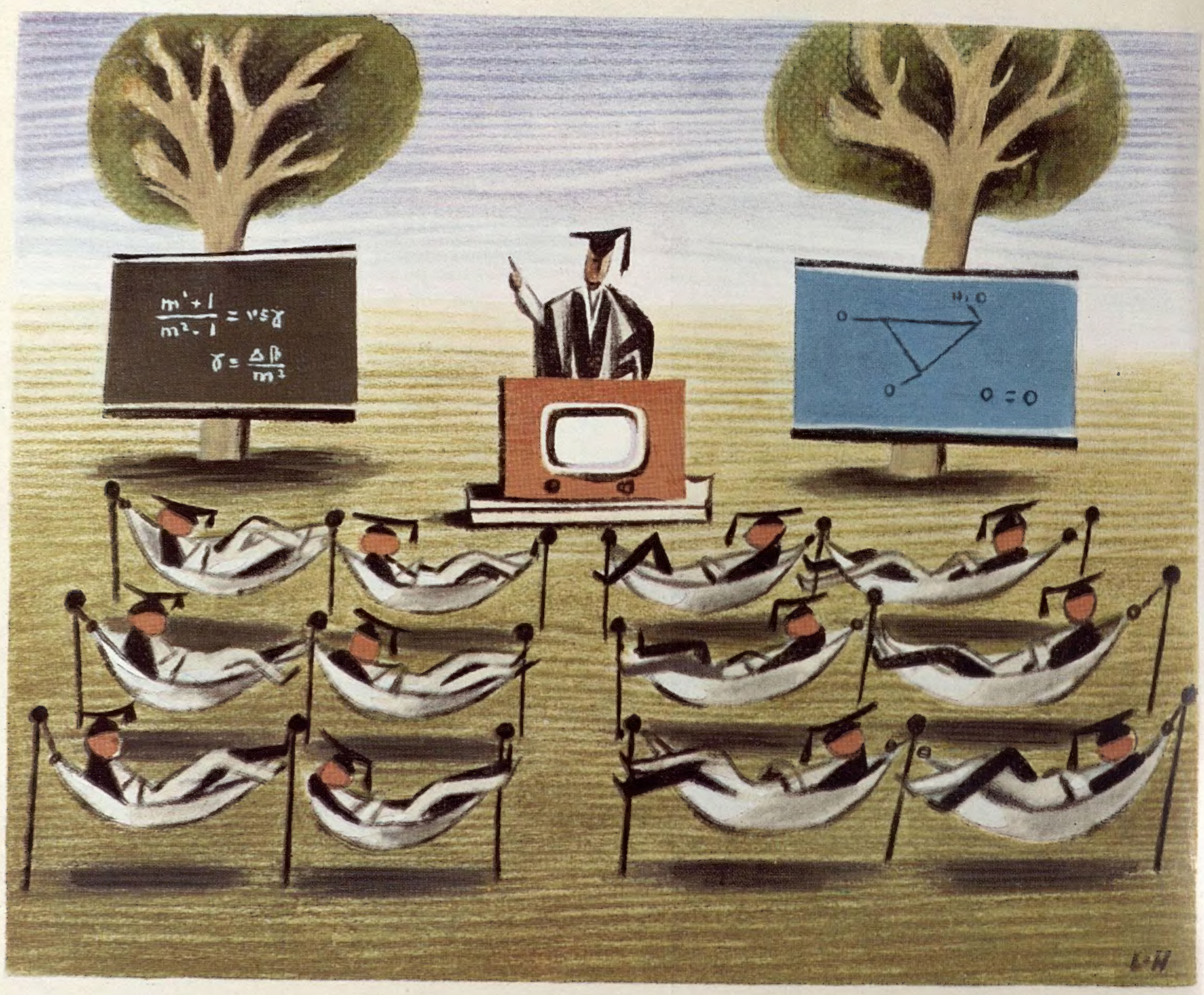
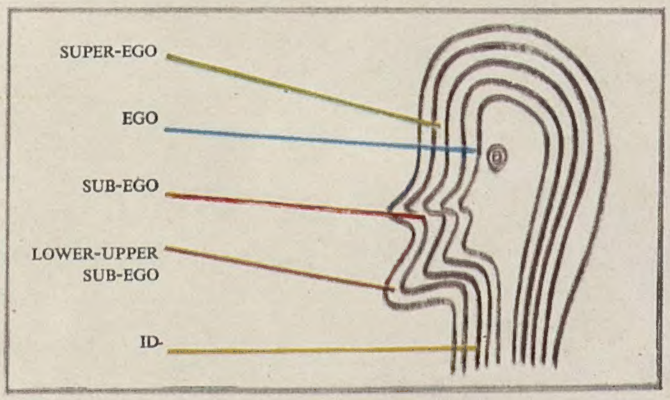


Schweppshire shows the Way—2

THE TECHNIQUE OF SLUMBERCRAM

(SLEEP WHILE YOU LEARN)

It was our pioneer educationist Monteschworri who first shouted EAT CAKE NOISILY to her infant charges in order, by counter-suggestion and general Reacting Against, to ensure stubborn silence and peace at tea-times. Using the same technique, the Youth-boss or Magister of our school of Schwepponomics begins his seminar by ordering his students to keep on the alert. During the deep sleep which immediately follows, the paths to deeper knowledge are unblocked, diagrams and television demonstrations are felt rather than merely seen, and a simple repetition, if necessary by gramophone, of Euclid Book Six, the Law of Demand Curves, or the influence of Jane Austen, is indelibly printed on the more delicately receptive under-cortex or deeper matrix — to put it in the simplest possible language — of the student mind.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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